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ROME, TOO, WAS A MELTING POT

Professor Nilsson Traces Her Decline to Diffusion of the Old Stock

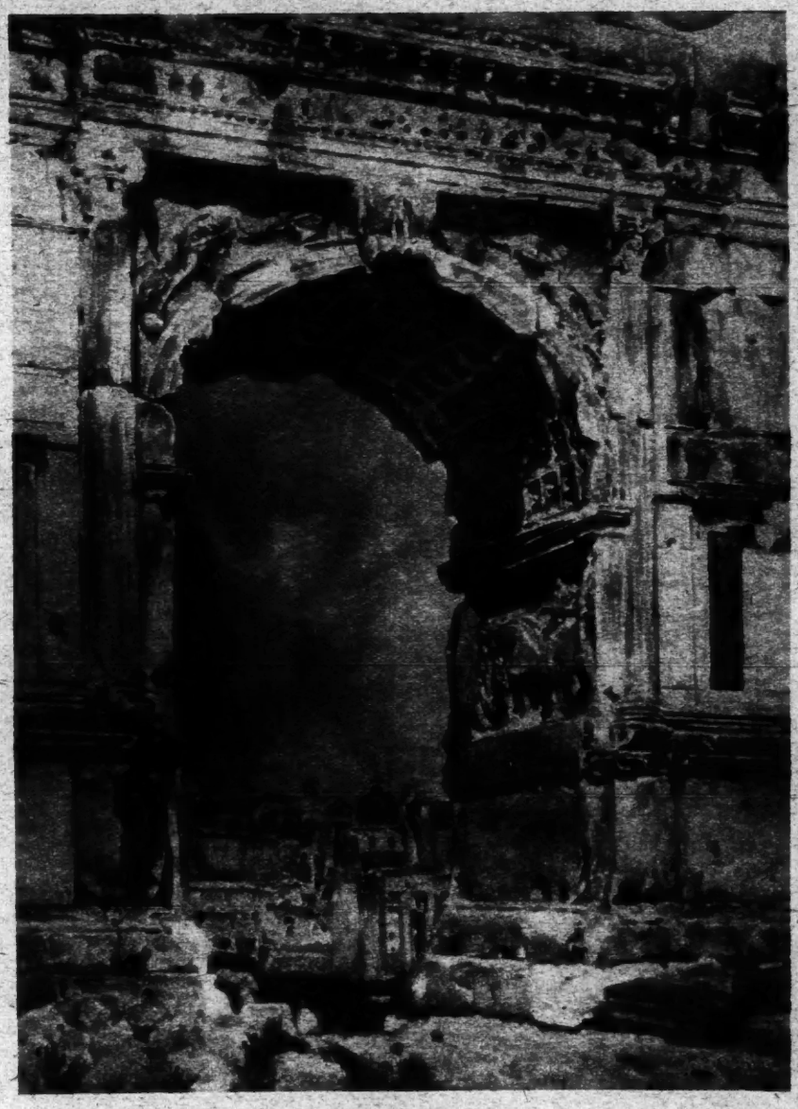
IMPERIAL ROME: I, Men and Events; II, The Empire and Its Inhabitants. Translated from the Swedish of Martin P. Nilsson, Professor of Classical Archaeology and Ancient History in the University of Lund, by the Rev. C. G. Richards, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5.

By ELMER DAVIS

ROMAN history is becoming a flourishing industry once more. No longer is the Roman Empire regarded as something that was killed by Alaric, buried by Odoacer, and adequately treated to obituary notice by Edward Gibbon. Professor Nilsson, who regards the fall of Rome as the greatest tragedy in world history, puts the reason for this revived interest very succinctly: "Other periods have been chiefly remarkable for the phenomena of development and progress; but it is only in the Roman Empire, on a large scale, that we can follow and study the forces that bring about retrogression, the dissolution of civilization and the community."

And retrogression—the decay of civilization, the downfall of the Occident, is a topic of current news value in Europe. Opinions differ as to whether Europe is merely threatened with shipwreck or already sunk, as to how it can be salvaged if at all. But at any rate the process of decay loosely described as the "fall of Rome" is one obvious downfall of the Occident which is already spread on the records, from which we may perhaps learn something of value. Europe of today sees itself mirrored in the Europe of fifteen hundred years ago; and Professor Nilsson, like a good many others, sees America mirrored there too. For he appears to hold that the decline of Rome was due more than anything else to the operations of the melting pot, which in the Roman Empire melted all too well.

He writes frankly for the general reader; in nearly 376 pages there are hardly half a dozen Latin phrases; and the chapters on the imperial organization and the peoples it ruled are preceded by a survey of imperial history so rapid that it can only serve as a jogger of the memory. Nor in the chapters on army and administration, provinces and frontiers, is there much that cannot be found in Mommsen, Marquardt and Domaszewski. The running survey is lit up by flashes of shrewd judgment, but obviously Professor Nilsson's chief interest is in elucidation of the causes of the decline. Not the fall. Decline and fall are two different stories. Whatever the reason for the sudden collapse of the imposing monarchy of the fifth century, Augustus or even Trajan would have found that empire—caste-ridden, savage and superstitious—so utterly alien that he would probably have cared little whether it fell or not.



The Arch of Titus.

From a Painting by Alberto Pisa for "Rome," by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. (A. & C. Black, London.)

Why the decline? What had happened to the Roman Empire? Professor Nilsson agrees with the recent conclusion of Professor Tenney Frank—that the principal thing that had happened was that the empire had ceased to be inhabited by Romans. The Italians conquered the world, but within a century after the conquest was complete they had been replaced, in Italy, by the descendants of the conquered slaves whom they had imported. Scipio had given place to Trimalchio, and modern Italy perhaps contains more of Syrian and Anatolian than of Roman or indeed ancient Italic blood.

What had become of the Romans—or rather of the old Italic stock, for all Italy shared the work and ultimately the privileges of conquest? The conventional explanation of perfervid moralists is that they had selfishly committed race suicide by deliberate celibacy and contraception. Professor Nilsson seems to think that is part of the story, though not all; but he is apparently ignorant of Raymond Pearl's recent studies which indicate that the natural fertility of a race declines from obscure but wholly natural causes.

At any rate, he gives Rome deserved but neglected credit for trying to maintain its population as no modern State has done.

> One of the most remarkable inconsistencies in human society [he observes] is that the State, by its legislation, represents marriage as the only permissible, or at least normal, means for the production of children, but at the same time puts a premium on celibacy and childlessness. The feeble efforts made to increase the reward and lessen the burden of taxation of the father of a family are so unimportant and ineffectual that they may fairly be ignored. * * * The Roman was the only State which realised that from the economic point of view the rising generation was an interest of the community and not merely of the individual, and therefore sought to place the burden of caring for children on the community.

The effort, he adds, came too late. But did it? State support of children on a wide scale had at least a century of fair trial before the endowments disappeared through the fall of the denarius consequent on the wars of the third century; and much had been done even earlier by private enterprise. Yet with these premiums for fertility the older civilized stocks of the empire failed to produce enough children. Why? Surely this is a problem for the biometrician.

But what had chiefly happened to the Romans was exactly what had happened to the Greeks after the conquests of Alexander, to the New Englanders after the opening of the Middle West. They spread out to newly opened countries where there was a prospect of making more money. If Italy was largely surrendered to the children of Oriental slaves it was because Italians had spread out over the world they had conquered, all the way from Scotland to Mesopotamia; and so by intermarriage the old Roman blood became mixed with Oriental and barbarian stocks, dissolved in a solution so weak that its traces presently disappeared. "The leaven," observes Professor Nilsson, "was not enough to leaven the lump." To build up a race, he remarks, with its own characteristic culture and racial traits, requires a long period of comparative isolation and moderate inbreeding. Thus the old Roman stock grew up; but world conquest produced cross-breeding, hybridization, that created "a mosaic of the hereditary characteristics" of various races, some good and some bad. Given time, the fusion produces a new race with its own good qualities; but, he observes, the fusion of Achaeans and Minoans which made the Greeks was not completed until Greece had gone through six or seven centuries of Dark Ages. From the fusion of the Roman and his conquered subjects there sprang eventually the Song of Roland, the Divine Comedy, the Sistine Chapel—after six or seven centuries of Dark Ages. The American melting-pot, one is permitted to infer, may produce something equally noteworthy—if we are willing to wait a few hundred years.

But this view does some injury to another of Professor Nilsson's theories, that Trajan's polity of conquest of dangerous neighbors was more far-sighted than Augustus's inclination to sit tight within the frontiers. Augustus, desperately busy with the reorganization of a Mediterranean world tired of war, failed to realise the importance of absorbing Germany; after one severe defeat he let Germany go and from Germany came eventually the ruin of the empire. Trajan conquered Parthia, but the cautious Hadrian gave up his conquests and thereby let the eastern part of the empire in for five centuries of war. Here Professor Nilsson disagrees with most of the experts; though conceding that "Trajan had probably overstrained the resources of the empire" he seems to think Augustus would still have been able to conquer and hold down his dangerous neighbors. Perhaps; but both Germany and Parthia were easier to defeat than to subdue. And even if Germany had been absorbed it would only have meant the further diffusion of the Roman blood.

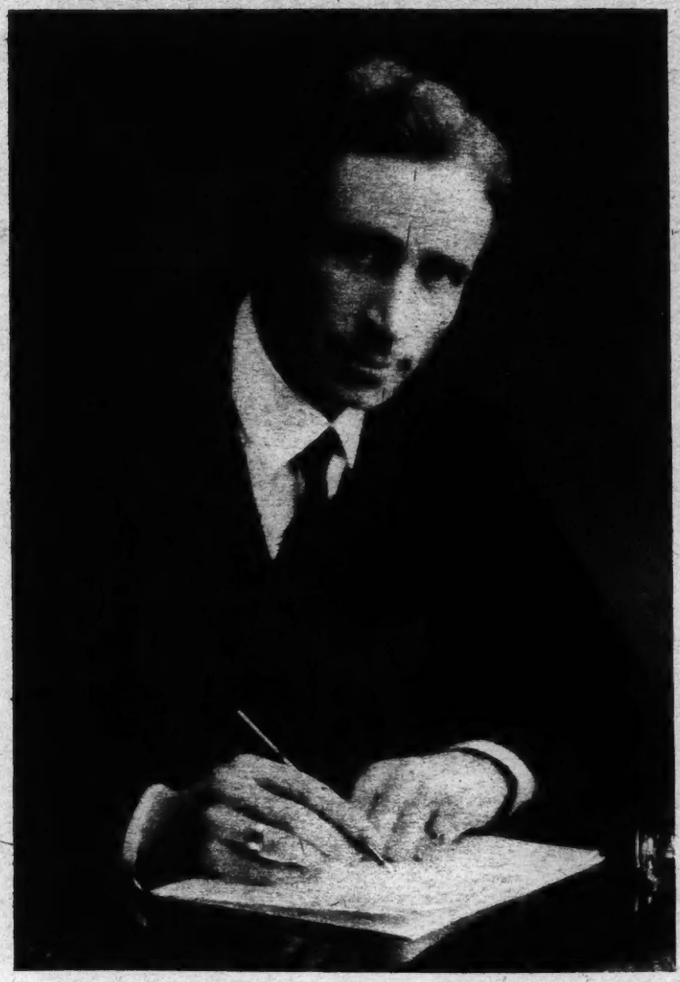
Professor Nilsson believes (within reason) in superior and inferior races, but he differs from a good many of our evangelical biologists in putting little faith in the superiority of families and groups within the race; he dismisses with a sniff the view that the proscriptions of the triumvirs and the executions of Nero wiped out the aristocratic blood that had made Rome great.

> If the whole of the educated class of Sweden were removed [he says], the peasants of Sweden, from whom nine-tenths of them come, would immediately make up the loss, provided that an environment of culture existed in which the new generation could grow up. The annihilation of the civilized environment during the economic misery of the third century worked far more destructively than all the judicial murders.

But what annihilated the civilized environment? The murderous and incessant civil wars, which not only killed off hundreds of thousands of soldiers who ought to have been keeping out the Goths and Persians, but wiped out cities, destroyed commerce, consumed accumulated capital and made the raising of children an act of folly. And here appears one oversight of most historians of Rome—in the search (Continued on Page 18)

Sentiment Comes Blushing Back to the Novel

Signs and Portents Which May Mean That Sophisticated Fiction Is on the Wane



Ernest Raymond.

***DAPHNE BRUNO and THE FULFILMENT OF DAPHNE BRUNO** By Ernest Raymond. 2 vols., 379 and 270 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company.*

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

DESPITE the poem by Kipling written more than a quarter of a century ago, the very long English novel is not yet extinct. Mr. Galsworthy's "The Silver Spoon" is in reality a second addendum to "The Forsyte Saga," thus making that fictional biography a five-volume novel; H. G. Wells is about to appear with a three-volume narrative; and now Ernest Raymond, author of "Tell England" and other stories, comes out with a two-volume affair: "Daphne Bruno" and "The Fulfilment of Daphne Bruno." Length is not of itself an argument for or against an author, but length must justify itself or the author's reputation is likely to suffer. Hence the mere appearance of fictional narrative in length exceeding the conventional single volume indicates that the author has supreme confidence in himself—or in his public.

Yet it is not solely on the score of length that one finds Mr. Raymond's two volumes something over which to pause. Not many months ago the present writer reviewed a novel written in England which seemed to him, as he stated at the time, to indicate a change in the attitude of the reading public. The book was entirely away from the sophisticated tales so much in abundance since the war; it was a sentimental story, a moral story. There were passages of good writing; but, for purposes of classification, the novel was a return, say, to Dickens. Five years ago, even two years ago, this novel would not have sold five thousand copies; yet today it is among the best-selling fiction. And this can indicate but one thing—a gradual change in the public's demand. And it behooves the critic to take cognizance of this change, for, considered in its widest application, the public has more to do in determining art-directions than have the artists. Shakespeare was made by his public. Without newspapers, with few printed books, with scarcely any knowledge of English history, but with their imaginations stimulated by the spaciousness suddenly given the mental horizon by the discoveries in the New World, Elizabethan audiences hungered for those things which were stirring, romantic, imaginatively broadening, and these were fed to them in largest measure by Shakespeare. In filling their demands he found himself.

In "Daphne Bruno" we again have a turning away from the novel of sophistication. And its importance lies in this rather than in Mr. Raymond's performance itself.

The two parts of "Daphne" are, almost needless to say, fictional narratives of the biographical sort. It would be difficult to think of a novel running to such length which could be of any other kind. It may be objected that every novel is fictional biography; and this would be in a measure true. But the measure in which it is true is the determining feature in the classification. "The Forsyte Saga" is biography, but the biography of a family, not of an individual. In "Daphne" (we shall use this term as covering both stories) there is but one fully developed figure, Daphne herself; all other figures, including even her father and her husband, are shadowy, or are, at best, seen as they are reflected in Daphne. One other character only attains any degree of independent coporeality, and that is Daphne's daughter, Evie, who usurps the stage for a moment just before the end of the second book.

Having violated the first of Kipling's dicta in "The Thee-Decker," the extinction, namely, of the lengthy novel, "Dahpne" proceeds at once to violate another. It may be recalled that Kipling said, "We never talked obstetrics." Not only does Mr. Raymond talk obstetrics once, he discusses the subject three times, and readers will be convinced they were spared further medical information only because the novelist was unable to have more than a trio of births within the scope of his narrative. Of course, nobody grudges Mr. Raymond the airing of a little knowledge picked up here and there, and one is likely to be amused by the acknowledgments to various medical authorities appended after the novel's close. But we hope this practice will not be enlarged upon. It would be rather distressing if novelists were to add: "Information on automobiles—Henry Ford"; "Furniture studied at Wanamaker's." Indeed, we can see how every novel would have to be accompanied by a volume like the index to the Encyclopedia Britannica. And what would become of that repose in an author's omniscience which is so precious to a reader?

As we have said, "Daphne" is the biography of one person, Daphne Bruno. It begins not at her birth but before her birth; we must have the pre-natal influences set before us. These are moderately important, but not so important as the author believes. For our own part, we could take Daphne at the beginning of the second book ("The Fulfilment of Daphne") and with a few chapters picked up from the first volume soon be possessed of quite as much knowledge of her as is necessary. In fact, Mr. Raymond gives away his case for the first volume completely when he summarizes it in less than two pages at the outset of the sequel. On the other hand, there is much that is attractive in the author's portrayal of the life of the little girl, and no doubt a great deal of useful information for parents.

Entering on the second volume, the reader soon discovers that he is being moved along without any fuss or bother through page after page of unpretentious and unadorned narrative that is really much more engrossing than he can find reason for. Unfortunately, there are many pages of dull reading. Why is it that every other English novel must turn soooner or later to politics? General and bye-elections may be of ever-renewing interest to English readers, but Americans never will be able to understand why the Briton should take his politics so seriously—unless, indeed, he finds in political discussion by the novelist an anodyne for the author's exciting descriptions of cricket matches. American authors may be guilty of every literary and artistic sin, but seldom do they intrude with a Presidential campaign or with baseball.

The study of Daphne Bruno is the study of a girl who grows up without acquiring notable strength of character and without reaching to notable intellectual attainments. She is the daughter of a literary critic who is immersed in his books and his works, and who, the child's mother being dead, entrusts her upbringing to paid substitutes. The first crisis in Daphne's life comes when she falls in love with a man who proves to be married. At the same time, "crisis" is a word implying too much a conflict of will to describe the girl's dilemma; Daphne is without will power, and fear of detection is what saves her from a liaison. The first book closes with Daphne's marriage to a playmate of her childhood—an able chap in most ways, but no more interesting to the reader than Daphne. Daphne enters the second volume wearied of her husband and bemoaning her lack of decision when passionate and reciprocated love offered.

The second book is Daphne's "fulfilment"; and it is in this that the turn from the sophisticated novel—or the novel of sophistication—becomes manifest. One would expect, arguing from other narratives, that this "fulfilment" would be either a recrudescence of the first love or the sudden development of a new one. But there is nothing of either sort. Through adversity, through purification of the individual and the nation in the great war, she matures into a woman in whom intellect and emotion find a balance. Thus, when her daughter, Evie, wholly the "emancipated" girl of the post-war period, determines on a month in Spain with a lover, Daphne finds her "fulfilment" in proving to Evie that instead of opening life to her this course would be to close life. To her daughter Daphne writes in part as follows:

> Only the very greatest may say, "I am one of those who may forego good-fellowship, good manners, and pity for men, since I am an annointed saviour of man." * * * What you purpose doing is to forego good-fellowship, and good-manners toward the men of your time. It is to break the rules by which the club has decided the game is to be played; or it is to play too fast for the rest of the team and to leave them to their ridicule.

In short, "Daphne" is an attempt to piece together the house that fell with a crash when Nora slammed the door, so many—it seems now so very many—years ago. And the significance of the story lies not so much in the specific result, or in the manner in which the reconstruction is attempted, as it does in the conviction on the part of the novelist that some reconstruction must be made. If the reviewer is correct in seeing in "Daphne" the indications of a literary change, this phase of fiction may later be known as "the novel of reconstruction." And with these words the review shall end. The reviewer found "Daphne" less a novel to enthrall than a work to which he felt compelled to yield respect. But it is difficult after years of "Green Hats"—and hats of many other hues—to come down to the softer pastel shades.

Unintelligence of the Educated

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE. By James Harvey Robinson. The Humanizing of Knowledge Series. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

STARLIGHT. By Harlow Shapley. The Humanizing of Knowledge Series. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

THIS series, sponsored by Robinson, MacDougal (the botanist) and John Farrar, aims to present the discoveries of science in the form of "vivid, readable and entertaining essays." Robinson's volume, the first in the series, is the outcome of an address delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in which its members were not merely urged to foster scientific research, but to assume the further responsibility of "cultivating and spreading an appreciation of our best knowledge of man and his world among those now indifferent or actively hostile to it." Those familiar with the author's "Mind in the Making" will know what to expect from one of our most stimulating thinkers as well as from one of our most gifted writers; and they will not be disappointed. Ideas which have lain dormant in the minds of some of us, or which have been struggling for expression, are here stated with a vividness and clearness to arrest immediate attention.

"Science," as Robinson points out, means to most people our knowledge of things other than man. Man's behavior, until quite recently, has been exempt from scientific scrutiny and "there is no field of reputed knowledge where dogmatism is more arrogant and ignorance more complacent," and yet when examined critically, a study of man's behavior is as much a science as a study of the behavior of atoms in chemical changes. "Science should include all the careful and critical knowledge we have about everything of which we can come to know something." Even more important than the discoveries in science is the scientific mood—the critical attitude which takes nothing for granted and which starts out with no preconceived notions. "The scientific mood," writes Robinson, "is after all nothing more than a persistent ambition to find out as well as we may how things really stand. * * * It is but another name for intelligence." And yet "intelligence" in this sense is the privilege of few. Most "educated" people are not "intelligent" at all. Many of the scientists who unhesitatingly—I was going to say "automatically"—apply the scientific method in their experimental researches fail miserably when facing social problems. The success of a new observation depends little upon its scientific or historical associations. "The wonder grows that there ever appeared in this world of ours a group of men so eccentric as to regard truth as the paramount issue." These men

> crave a meticulous precision of observation, measurement and statement quite alien to the other teachers of men. They exhibit an almost shocking insensibility to the cherished motives of belief. They do not ask whether what is sought is either right or wrong, beautiful or ugly, useful or futile, comforting or distressing. They only ask whether what is found is an instance of something really happening.

Profoundly affected as we are by scientific knowledge, is it wise to allow ourselves to be guided by men who are not only woefully ignorant of science, but, what is worse, have a contempt for it and for the "scientific attitude"? Such men—the men in authority—are the supervisors who prescribe what is to be taught and what is to be told. They tell us, in defense of their unpardonable ignorance, that it is not "safe" to invite the "masses" (or the young) to think of important matters with a critically open mind. Hence we get, for example, a distortion of American history which we ask our young to absorb; as if a faithful account of the successes and failures of American pioneers were not a wholesome lesson.

"Starlight," Book No. 2 in the Humanizing of Knowledge series, is an account of stars, their evolution, the origin of the earth and other planets. It has been prepared by the director of the Harvard Observatory and is therefore authoritative, though I cannot add that it is particularly distinguished in the matter of presentation. But I am possibly too critical, having read it immediately after finishing Robinson's little masterpiece. BENJAMIN HARROW.

Probing the Psychology of the American Millionaire

Albert W. Atwood Examines the Motives Governing Acquisition on the Grand Scale

THE MIND OF THE MILLIONAIRE. By Albert W. Atwood. 263 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

By JOHN CARTER.

NO one would expect so conservative a writer as the author of "Putnam's Investment Handbook" to use a muckrake in his analysis of plutocratic psychology, but from his title it might be suspected that he would wield a scalpel and not a bucket of whitewash. For some reason or other Mr. Atwood feels it incumbent upon himself to write an elaborate defense of the millionaire as such, both collectively and individually. The theme he has taken is that the millionaire is a good fellow under his skin, as human as the next man and not a bonded bloodsucker or the ponderous dollar-pocked plutocrat of yellow journalism.

Now the millionaire may need defense. Doubtless he has been much misunderstood and more sinned against than sinning. Few sane men doubt that Rockefeller and Ford and Carnegie have contributed vastly to the welfare of the world at large, or that they have enriched themselves only in proportion to their service to the world of industry of which we are now all members. Even if Scott Fitzgerald in "All the Sad Young Men" points out that the very rich are different from the rest of us, and if the naïve revelations of the recent Pennsylvania primaries lend point to Mr. Fitzgerald's assumption that their mental processes are somewhat deranged, it does not seem necessary to defend them for being what they are. What the rest of us wish to do is to understand them, to grasp the mechanics of the process whereby the man of wealth is set apart from his fellows and stamped with the minted mark of moneyed power.

Few subjects arouse more widespread discussion [writes Mr. Atwood] than the motives, mental processes and behavior of the rich. The actions of the millionaire and the reasons for them—these are topics on which all men feel free to express an opinion. Nevertheless, a veil of mystery appears to surround the subject * * * If we start with the assumption that the very rich man is human like the rest of us we will have taken a long stride forward.

Unfortunately, Mr. Atwood never takes a second stride. Although he admits, with refreshing candor, "I know of owners of huge fortunes who are essentially gentlemen and others who are essentially roughs, rotters and thugs," he never gets much beyond his first premise that the millionaire is a human being. The reader having conceded that point after the first few paragraphs, it is rather tedious to have this sort of thing reiterated:

John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford started with nothing. Should they have stopped when they made their first hundred thousand, or a million, or ten millions, or where? Should Rockefeller have sold out his refineries when he reached a few hundred gallons a day, or when? Should Ford have sold out when he was making ten cars a day, or thirty? * * *

Surely the ethical standards of the small-town trader are not a whit higher than, if as high as, those of the captain of industry. Have club stewards, apartment-house janitors, newspaper reporters and purchasing agents never taken a bribe? Do farmers invariably put the smallest potatoes on the top of the basket? * * *

Rockefeller and Ford can each wear only one suit of clothes at a time, eat one meal at a time and take one trip at a time. Their days, like other men's days, are limited to twenty-four hours. Mr. Ford himself has said that he can inhabit only one room at a time and wears the same weight of clothing as other men. Therefore, with rare good sense, one devotes himself to world-encircling philanthropies and the other to equally colossal industrial design.

In a series of chapters Mr. Atwood indicates a design for an incisive study of his subject—"Ethics of Fortune Making," "Extravagance and the Rich," "Responsibilities of Wealth," "Wealth and Service," &c., and a concluding panegyric on "The Rockefeller Fortune"—but the more it changes the more it is the same thing. The author is unduly tender of his subjects. He approaches them, not in the spirit of a scientist, but as an apologist. Lest this seem a hard saying, let the reader consider the following characteristic passage from his chapter on "Extravagance and the Rich":

Think of the endless fees, said to amount to millions, paid out by a wealthy family over a considerable period of years to secure at all times the best possible legal status for one of its members whose sanity has so often been in question.

It is obvious that the family referred to is known by the name of Thaw, but Mr. Atwood is far too circumspect to label any of his specimens.

Were this all that "The Mind of the Millionaire" contained, the book could well be dismissed at this point as an amiable but insignificant set of allusions, generally complimentary to the administrators of the great American fortunes. It is because the author does mention—without appearing to grasp its significance—what seems the fundamental key to the millionaire psychology, that the book is worth further consideration. One millionaire, when asked why he kept on getting rich, replied: "What does this man want me to be—a bum? We were put here on earth to work. We must work if we have any religious beliefs at all." Vincent Astor is quoted as saying, "I have had to take my choice of attending to business or neglecting it." And the author comments that many of them have asked, "with a searching, pitiful earnestness, 'What else can I do?'"

So steadily does Mr. Rockefeller Jr. apply himself to his work that he rarely takes a vacation without a secretary. Usually he keeps long office hours, and even when days are spent at home they are seldom free from several hours of work with his secretaries.

And some comments on a certain rich man are quoted with approval:

When he was poor, he could always look forward with hope to achieving wealth. Now that he is rich he can't look forward to anything. He can't manage to get himself unrich, so to speak, without tragedy.

Here it seems we are approaching the core of the problem of the millionaire's psychology. There is not a rich man approached by the author in his quest for material who did not reveal himself as absolutely dominated by his own possessions, not a man jack of them who was not under the thumb of a business or a set of investments, responsibilities to stockholders, or crushing administrative duties, devoid of intellectual or constructive value. Here lies the point of differentiation between the millionaire and his poorer fellows.

The trouble with radical philosophers is that they object to men owning property. The real objection is to property owning men. When a man is owned by his possessions he is a miserable slave. "What else can I do?" is his true attitude. This economic slavery must exert a depressing effect upon the mental processes of even the greatest. Everything they touch—friendship, college loyalties, religion—turns to gold and money becomes the common denominator in the most secret and sacred arcana of the millionaire's soul. Who knows how many poets have blushed unseen beneath the white waistcoats of international bankers? How many great sculptors and musicians have been lost to the world because upon them was laid the curse of a great fortune which claimed them from the cradle? Vice President Dawes is credited with the authorship of some very fair music, but who else of our banking classes can be mentioned as exemplars of the fine arts or of the arts of living or even of the art of thought? Suppose, for the sake of supposing, that Edsel Ford might have been a Balzac or that Mr. Morgan might have been a Whistler. What could they have done with their talents! Would they ever have been permitted the time—let alone the occasion for education in all phases of nature—to produce original art? And would the public even have acclaimed their work? We doubt it.

Beneath a suffocating mass of responsibility the millionaire staggers very humanly along. He is never free and he can never set himself free. Only two outlets are humanly possible to him. The one is public service and the other is the public life.

As Mr. Atwood points out, the millionaires of America have never shown much aptitude for the public life. They even seem to have been content to buy their politics as they buy their limousines, as a convenience or a necessity, but seldom as a public duty.

In England [says the author] men of wealth, and especially their sons, go into public life, but that is not the case here to any great extent as yet. In England public service is open to them automatically. Here they can hardly outlive the abuse which goes with a candidacy.

The alternative to public life is public service, and here the millionaire exemplifies the proverbial fate of good intentions.

In nearly all our large cities and many smaller towns as well [writes Mr. Atwood] most of the universities, colleges and other higher institutions of education, technical as well as academic, hospitals, art galleries, museums, botanical and zoological gardens, research laboratories, convalescent homes, orchestras and other musical organizations, churches, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations and even parks and trade schools, have been founded and are largely maintained by wealthy individuals or families.

To criticise such generosity may seem ungenerous, but there is such a thing as looking a gift-horse in the mouth. All these institutions are those which are the normal higher functions of the community. To permit these functions to be taken over by a comparatively few wealthy families is to pauperize the community at large and to destroy a measure of the manly self-reliance which built up the country. How many colleges have failed to canvass their millionaire graduates for new dormitories? How many political parties measure their funds by the numerical strength of their membership? How many "reforms" have been put over by the money of the masses? When wealth goes out for charity or reform or any other activity ostensibly devoted to the public interest, how is it sure that it is not abusing its great power at the expense of the public interest which it aspires to serve? To use the Rockefeller fortune to promote pure science is no doubt estimable, but is it so estimable to use it to aid the Anti-Saloon League? For Mr. Harkness to build a set of new dormitories for Yale is splendid, but is it fair to allow one Yale graduate to set a stamp on a university where other graduates are unable to rival his loyalty? In short, is not the millionaire's idea of public service quite as liable to error as that of the ordinary man and, proportionately to his power, infinitely more dangerous?

Could a book be written which would actually show how the American millionaire is affected by his fortune and how he uses his fortune to affect the millions of other Americans, it would be a vital contribution to the understanding of our age. Mr. Atwood's efforts fall far short of such an endeavor, and the nature of the relationship between wealth and the possessor of wealth and between plutocrats and a democracy is still a dimly explored realm which awaits the pen of a true social psychologist.

A Radical Conception of J. Pierpont Morgan.

From a Cartoon by Art Young in "Red Cartoons." (The Daily Worker Publishing Company.)

On the Piecing Together of Words

THE FINE ART OF WRITING: For Those Who Teach It. By H. Robinson Shipherd. 236 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MOST books written on the subject of writing are addressed to the student. Dr. H. Robinson Shipherd of the English Department of Boston University, addresses his book, "The Fine Art of Writing," to "Those Who Teach It." Of course, there is novelty in this. And there is also danger! Those who teach the art of writing may resent the notion that they themselves need be taught anything!

Dr. Shipherd does not go about his task in the usual way; he does, indeed, take up writing under the usual headings of description, narration and so on, but the sum and substance of his advice is to get at the student first of all, after which the routine will become easy. For example, only a dozen pages into the book, we come upon such a paragraph as this:

Language frees the individual from his solitary confinement. This individual miracle in language as enfranchisement means also that the escape of each soul is an experience unique and unmatched. Make your young person see that the immortal newness in his world is not in substances, or even in ideas, but in individuals and individual experiences; that these are forever changing and new; that, therefore, our interest in them is keen in proportion as his skill in language lets him show us that personal, individual uniqueness of experience and emotion.

Dr. Shipherd, as an active teacher, has, of course, put to the test all of the methods in teaching the art of writing which he enumerates under the chapter heading "Methods." These need not be gone into here, but the stress he lays upon re-writing is worth pondering. And the facsimile, covering several pages of a part of Joseph Conrad's manuscript of "Typhoon" is an object-lesson to take to heart of what relation revision has to vision. Indeed, after examining this, and giving heed to Dr. Shipherd's many quotations from what authors themselves—from Stevenson to Dorothy Canfield Fisher—have to say on revision, one comes to the conclusion (probably correct) that to be born a poet or a story-writer is the least part.

We should say that the author of "The Fine Art of Writing" was timorous or selfish in directing his work to those who teach. Why not have dedicated it to every one? We know of no other book on "composition"—to use the older term—in which will be found so vitalising a paragraph as this, on the subject of narrative:

Narrative is life; and both are unescapably concrete. No dull moraliser ever succeeded in generalising narration while keeping in it what we all recognise as the breath of life. In living, human narration the people, the places and the events are as sharply defined as are any in our own living outside of books.

An interesting as well as a highly instructive feature of this book—again an original notion—is a long series of quotations (in fact, a full hundred pages) of what authors (not teachers) have said on the subject of writing. And none is more valuable or succinct than this from a letter by Phillips Brooks: "My only training in composition has been the constant effort for many years to say as clearly and forcibly as I could what was in my mind."

We should say that Dr. Shipherd has said clearly and forcibly what was in his mind on the subject of the fine art of writing; and that few can fail to profit by listening to him.

About Books, *More or Less:* Partly Economic Man

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

UNFORTUNATELY for the prohibition experiment, that is to say from the point of view of the prohibitionist, the Eighteenth Amendment and Mr. Volstead were bestowed on the American people at the beginning of an unprecedented wave of national prosperity. An English prelate once expressed his preference for an England drunk but free. So an ardent dues-paying member of the Anti-Saloon League or the W. C. T. U. might be moved to utter the wish for a United States poor but sober. Loose change in the pocket demands as its correlative the pocket flask. Upon this much all the sociologists and economists seem to be in agreement, to judge from the summary of their findings presented by Dorothy Swaine Thomas in "Social Aspects of the Business Cycle" (Dutton).

Fifty years of Europe, in Mr. Tennyson's opinion, are better than a cycle of Cathay. One reason may be that into the space of fifty years Europe, or America, manages to crowd a number of cycles of its own. To this familiar rhythm of prosperity and depression the economists and sociologists have devoted much study and thought. The economists wonder whether something may not be done to mitigate the violence of oscillations from panic to boom. The sociologists have an eye mainly on the human response to the economic swing. Miss Thomas's study had its origin in the United States, where she collaborated with Professor Ogburn at Columbia in studying the social reflexes of the business rhythm. The present volume, however, was produced at the London School of Economics and Political Science and is based on English facts. Only in the concluding chapter is a brief comparison made between the manifestations of the business cycle in England and in this country. There are differences, but no contradictions.

In both countries, then, it is still true that men are born, marry, take a drink and die in fair correlation to the state of industry and commerce. I say still true because there seems to be reason for believing, as will be noted further on, that the incidence of economics upon basic human habits has been weakening in the course of a century. The change has been least marked in alcoholism, as an index of material well-being. Contrary to the general impression that men seek escape from their troubles in the brimming cup, the scientists have known all along that alcoholism varies directly with prosperity. For society as a whole it is not true that the man out of a job seeks forgetfulness in strong drink, or turns to the saloon for cheer as economic gloom descends upon him. It is the other way about. Why this should occur Miss Thomas cites a number of reasons. In the first place is the cool-headed reminder that before liquor is consumed it must be purchased, and purchasing power is the same thing as prosperity. There are other reasons. There is the strain of overtime and the general pressure of continuous occupation which demand release through Bacchus. There is the feeling of widespread optimism engendered by good wages and expressing itself in an increase of conviviality.

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IT may, therefore, seem to be a heroic remedy, but it does seem to be tenable to say that General Andrews and United States Attorney Buckner would find their way with the bootlegger easier if the American people were not so well off today. Apparently not all of the nation's huge wage-roll goes into flivvers and the movies, and the automobile is not the primal cause of the wild young generation, if there be such a thing. A decline in "conviviality" nourished by good times, a decline in the strain of life engendered by steady jobs and feverish amusements, are not impossible developments if the gods should favor the United States with a good, stiff business depression. The Anti-Saloon League might take its courage in its hands and come out in the next Presidential election on a platform of Hard Times and Enforcement. The economist and the sociologist rally to the support of the ancient formula about low living and high thinking. Some years ago the book publishers used to say that their business prospered in hard times. When the blood in the veins and the dollar bills in the pocket circulate less freely, people stay at home nights with a good book. It costs $2.50, instead of $6.60 in the first eleven rows. Incidentally, a book reads just as well when you have paid $2.50 for it as if you had paid $6.60; though there are some who contend that a book suppressed by the censor reads much better at $15 than at its original unsuppressed price of one-fifth the amount.

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ALMOST as highly correlated with prosperity as alcoholism is divorce. This is true in England as in the United States, but manifests itself much less strongly in the older country. The reason is that in Great Britain twenty years ago the divorce rate was 1.8 per 100,000 of the population, but in the United States 79 per 100,000. In England divorce is difficult and expensive and is therefore restricted to an extremely well-to-do class which is not greatly affected by fluctuations in the business cycle. With us divorce is not a class luxury. It has been brought within the reach of the moderate purse. Still, it costs something, and that is why "the greatest number of divorces occurs at the peak of prosperity, the fewest at the trough of depression." The economic explanation is an elastic demand varying with purchasing power. The reader is at liberty to supply for himself the psychological factors—the unrest that follows upon augmented income, including the phenomenon once associated with Pittsburgh millionaires but now generalized with the rise of millionaire crops of all kinds: new wives for old ones.

Marriage and birth rates were of old inversely correlated by the economists with the price of wheat. With progressive industrialization and the diversification of the nations' food supplies and dietaries wheat as the determinant has passed from the picture, but the business cycle as a whole asserts itself. The correlation has been a lessening one since about the year 1895. Hard times are not so dissuasive of marriage as they used to be because of the world's notable progress in regulating the chief consequence of marriage, which is the birth rate. That falling birth rate incidentally illustrates the "secular" changes that are going on in society as opposed to short-time fluctuations of the business cycle. The secular modifies or entirely alters the impact of the business cycle's operations. The controlled birth rate, the higher wage for wedlock arising partly from woman's increased economic independence, steadily tend to render men and women less susceptible to the influence of the business cycle. Still the old relation persists. In the United States marriage rates follow more closely on the rhythm of business than in England, possibly because of the greater severity of business depressions in this country, partly because of the comparative lack of social insurance, particularly unemployment insurance.

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DEATH rates do not reflect an increase in temporary poverty. Here, as in the case of alcoholism, the gruesome "harvest" of unemployment fails to manifest itself. "The connection between the general death rate and the business cycle is contrary to expectation." For England, when the mortality figures are corrected by subtracting epidemic diseases unrelated to economic factors, the death rate shows a high positive correlation with the business cycle, "the maximum of deaths occurring about a year after the peak of prosperity." Infant mortality, though in somewhat lesser degree, confirms the general rule that a high death rate is associated with periods of prosperity, a low death rate with periods of depression. In view of the fact that infant mortality and poverty have an established connection—in England the infant mortality used to be 30 per cent. higher among the poor than among the well-to-do, in France as much as 100 per cent.—it must be that good times bring into play forces more destructive of child life than destitution proves to be. Possible explanations would include the greater employment of women in times of prosperity, involving the substitution of artificial for breast feeding, and, for England, an increase in drunkenness among parents. British figures for child deaths from "overlaying" would support this hypothesis.

On the relation of "crime waves" to business waves the verdict is Not Proven. Crime, as a whole, shows a slight tendency to increase in times of depression, with a somewhat stronger tendency for crimes against property. On the other hand, crimes against the person and against morals show a slight rise with prosperity, suggesting the possible influence of alcoholism. But, on the whole, it is impossible to make a statement one way or the other. Convictions for crime in New York State show no connection with the swing of the business cycle. The causes are to be sought in remoter social forces and in the realm of psychology.

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IN this picture of how human beings behave in respect to the basic mysteries of birth and death and the somewhat less impenetrable mystery of marriage there would presumably be great comfort for the new psychology. It is true that we are here concerned with humanity in the mass, but birth, marriage and death are not crowd manifestations. We are born, marry and die individually, and apparently in response to such concrete stimuli as markets, prices, harvests, machinery and rates of exchange. The behaviorist might at first sight be excused for saying that if you give him absolute control of the economics of the world he will dictate how many children shall be born, how many men and women shall wed, and how many of all ages shall die. Unfortunately, it would appear from the present volume that economic influences are lessening their grip on the elemental fortunes of the individual. Miss Thomas is by no means at one on this subject with the eminent Russian, Tugan-Baranowsky, who has deduced from a study of English industrial crises that the social effects of the business cycle showed a progressive diminution between 1825 and 1900. After 1870 he found that industrial crises in Great Britain grew less intense and that the working masses were measurably enabled to cope with the effects of temporary depression through the growing power of the trade unions, the rise of cooperatives and progressive factory legislation. Tugan-Baranowsky concluded that the "influence of the business cycle on the national life has become exceedingly feeble."

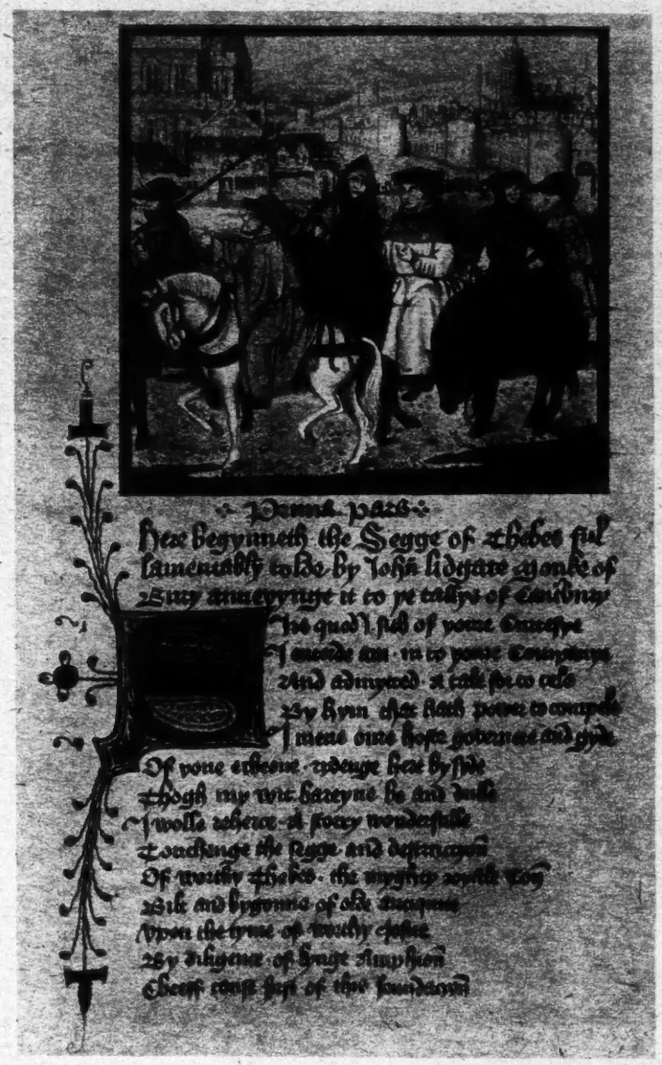
Miss Thomas questions the Russian's conclusions because she distrusts his figures and his bias. Her own researches, as summarized above, show that the effects of the business cycle are in some instances still high, in some "low to moderate," and only in the matter of crime apparently non-existent. Yet her own figures would indicate, if not a disappearance of the economic factor, still a diminishing effect on the mass response. The secular changes, which may be a generation or a century in asserting themselves, are crowding out the vicissitudes of the comparatively brief business cycle. Many of these changes are not economic in nature. What time may show to be the greatest of these, the controlled birth rate, is not an economic force, but a psychological or moral one. What time may show to be next in importance, the growth of the insurance principle—life insurance, old age insurance, unemployment, sickness, accident, maternity—is the product of the non-economic thing which we call social justice. Science and medicine have seriously tended to weaken the connection between "wheat" or Good Times and death. The behavior of human masses in the future promises to be less and less a matter of mechanical response to external stimuli and more the product of humanity's own conscious planning.

From "Edmund Blampied," a New Volume in the "Modern Masters of Etching" Series. (The Studio, London.)

The fourth volume in "The Collected Works of Nikolay Gogol," published by Alfred A. Knopf, is "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka." This is a collection of Gogol's first stories, originally published in a periodical in 1830 and appearing a year later in book form with the subtitle "Tales Edited by Rudy Panko, Beekeeper." They are light and humorous sketches of life on the author's native Ukrainian plains. Constance Garnett is the translator.

A Frenchman at the "Well Of English Undefiled"

M. Legouis Writes the First Volume of a Notable Literary History



A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. In two volumes. Volume one: THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENASCENCE. (650-1660). By Emile Legouis. Translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. 378 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

IF man has any one desire that springs from deeper within himself than any other it is to see himself as others see him. He may not like the report rendered by these outsiders, but his yearning for it is insatiable. And what is true of the individual is true of a people, of a people as represented and embodied in its institions, its history and its art. Perhaps no one ever made more mistakes in a critical estimate of English literature than did Taine, and yet, because Taine's history of English literature is from the pen of a foreigner, with a point of view wholly extra-insular, he can be read with far greater enjoyment than many an English author engaged on the same subject, who is far better equipped.

Taine's gorgeous and galloping "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," in four volumes, was published just two years over half a century ago. Since that time there has been one other notable book on English literature by a Frenchman, "Histoire Littéraire du Peoples Anglais," by M. Jusserand, sometime Ambassador to the United States. And now there has been translated into English the first volume of a two-volume work by M. Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, both of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Paris. Professor Legouis also holds the degree of LL.D. from Oxford and Glasgow, and Professor Cazamian the same degree from St. Andrews. The translation of volume I, which starts with the Middle Ages and carries through the Renascence—the dates given are 650 to 1660—is by Helen Douglas Irvine. The scholarship behind the study is apparent from the very first pages; and the work maintains its stately and compelling progress to the end.

It may be well to enter on the investigation of this gigantic work by stating what it is not. M. Taine wrote in his introduction: "I am about to write the history of a literature, and to seek in it for the psychology of a people." Thus he had from the outset a purpose in view other than the history itself. What Taine wrote, therefore, was less a history of English literature than it was a psychology of the English people as revealed, or, rather, as he thought he saw it revealed, in that literature. Taine was not particular as to what literature he investigated, except as it served his hobby: "If I have chosen this one," he writes, "it is not without reason." And then he sets forth his reason.

> I had to find a people [continues Taine] with a grand and complete literature, and this is rare. . . . I have chosen England, because being yet alive, and subject to direct examination, it may be better studied than a destroyed civilisation, of which we retain but the scraps, and because, being different from France, it has in the eyes of a Frenchman a more distinct character.

And Taine closes by saying that he will endeavor to develop "the recondite mechanism whereby the Saxon barbarian has been transformed into the Englishman of today."

In the history of English literature by the two scholars of the Sorbonne there is no such ulterior and grandiose purpose. M. Legouis and M. Cazamian content themselves with this simple statement: "The literature of the English language, one of the literatures richest in original beauty, is the most extensive ever known to the world." And their endeavor (to judge from volume I), is to set forth with clarity that "original beauty." Compared with Taine's pages the present book will appear lacking in quotation, but for the English reader this will not prove so serious an omission as it must have been for the author's countrymen reading of a literature more or less unfamiliar.

Although M. Legouis begins his history with a discussion of Anglo-Saxon literature, he takes issue with Taine and with the philologists who have seen in English literature an evolution from Anglo-Saxon letters. Neither school is absolutely correct; there was less of an evolution than Taine and the philologists maintained, but more than M. Legouis will admit. The language of the ancient conquerors of Britain did not yield at once to the language of the later conquerors, and literature, when it began to be produced after the Norman subjugation, could escape the Anglo-Saxon influence as little as it could escape the Norman influence. Under the hand of Chaucer the fusion of the two languages became complete; there was a new language—English. Every distinct language has what, for lack of a better term, may be called its genius, its spirit; and the literature written in that language is to no little degree conditioned and compelled by that genius, that spirit. Thus, although there was not an evolution out of the Anglo-Saxon literature itself—so that to this degree Legouis is right—the sturdy spirit of the Anglo-Saxon carried on when his words were fast disappearing. The fairly minute observation of nature in Chaucer is Anglo-Saxon, not French, and the recoil in "The Prioress's Tale," although Christian, is more Anglo-Saxon than French. At the same time, M. Legouis is right when he states of Chaucer that "he expressed in English all the graces and refinement he found in the poetry of France." And absolutely right also when he says of such a line as,

He was as fressh as is the moneth of May,

that "the line is entirely French, the essence of the earliest French poetry."

It is a delight to read this Frenchman's history of a literature not his own for the reason that his judgments are so finely balanced, his reactions so sharply clear, his appreciations so true and so simply stated. To take as an instance what M. Legouis has to say of the ballad "Chevy Chase," and, especially, of the stanzas,

The Persë leanyde on his brande, and save the Dugias de;
He tooke the dede mane by the hande, and sayd, "wo ys me for the!"
"To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have parted with my landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande, was not in all the northe contree."

Writes M. Legouis: "The poem wins us as much by the truthfulness of its feeling as by its restrained decoration and its details. There is a sort of Homeric impartiality in this war ballad."

In the general complaint that has risen against Tennyson since the decline of the Victorian era, nothing of the Laureate's work has been more often attacked, and with less ground, than "Idylls of the King." The favorite gibe has been at the "morality" of Tennyson's Arthurians, who, in the eyes of these critics, see the King and his Knights only as Victorian gentlemen in tall hats and "Prince Albert" frock coats. And in a parting salvo they shout, "Mr. Tennyson should have known his Malory better!" They are the ones who do not "know their Malory," for, as M. Legouis points out, this Mediævalist was more moral and more religious than Tennyson! Writes Legouis:

> Malory represents himself as translating a French book. In truth he seems to have had recourse to many books, so that his "Morte d'Arthur" is a compilation. In spite, however, of immense parentheses, we can distinguish in his work the lines of a dominant story, that of Arthur, which is logically followed by the tale of the Sangreal. Malory tells of Arthur's triumphant reign, the unfaithfulness of his wife Guenever who takes Lancelot for her lover, Lancelot's punishment by the failure of his quest for the Sangreal, the finding of which is reserved for the purer Galahad. He shows the Knights disaffected to the King because of Guenever's sin. The book ends religiously, for Guenever becomes a nun, and Lancelot a hermit.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton—these are the three great names of the English Renascence. And one pauses to wonder if English literature will ever be adorned with any three to shine more brilliantly. But the question is neither here nor there; we are concerned with M. Legouis. And M. Legouis, after devoting himself to those who preceded Shakespeare, comes to the period in which the Renascence reached its fullest flower. But at this point a slight digression should be made to call attention to what may be regarded as part of the mechanism of the book. Whether it is a defect one is not certain. But M. Legouis follows genre rather than authors, and for this reason the reader will have to read back under the caption "Poetry" to get the Frenchman's entire picture not only of Shakespeare and Marlowe, but of others as well. And to Shakespeare as poet (other than dramatic poet, that is) M. Legouis does not grant unalloyed praise. In the decades between 1580 and 1600 English poets came under the influence of what the historian, with Gallic frankness, designates as eroticism. The sources of this were mainly Italian, and Marlowe and Shakespeare, even more than others, fell under the influence. M. Legouis is all but Puritan in his castigations. The "Hero and Leander" of Marlowe was founded on a poem by Musæus, a fifth-century grammarian of Alexandria.

But Marlowe did not wish to translate. The tragic end of the lovers did not keep him from making merry on the way to it. He respected neither the purity of the legend nor the character of the young lovers. In Marlowe, the atheist and libertine, the idea of sin did not spring from piety, but is present because he uses his poem to run counter to the beliefs of his time, and because it amuses him to defy the moral sense of those about him.

And of Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece" he finds "poetry and bad taste inextricably mingled."

Are these just criticisms, or has M. Legouis, impelled by the rationalizing instinct of his nation, pursued logic so relentlessly as to nullify his logic? Marlowe, we take it, was not defying any one, or any one's belief; he was writing exuberant poetry and nothing else. Shakespeare was writing a tragic poem; and if there is "bad taste" in "Lucrece," then there is bad taste in every one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

(Continued on Page 14)

First Aid in Library Building

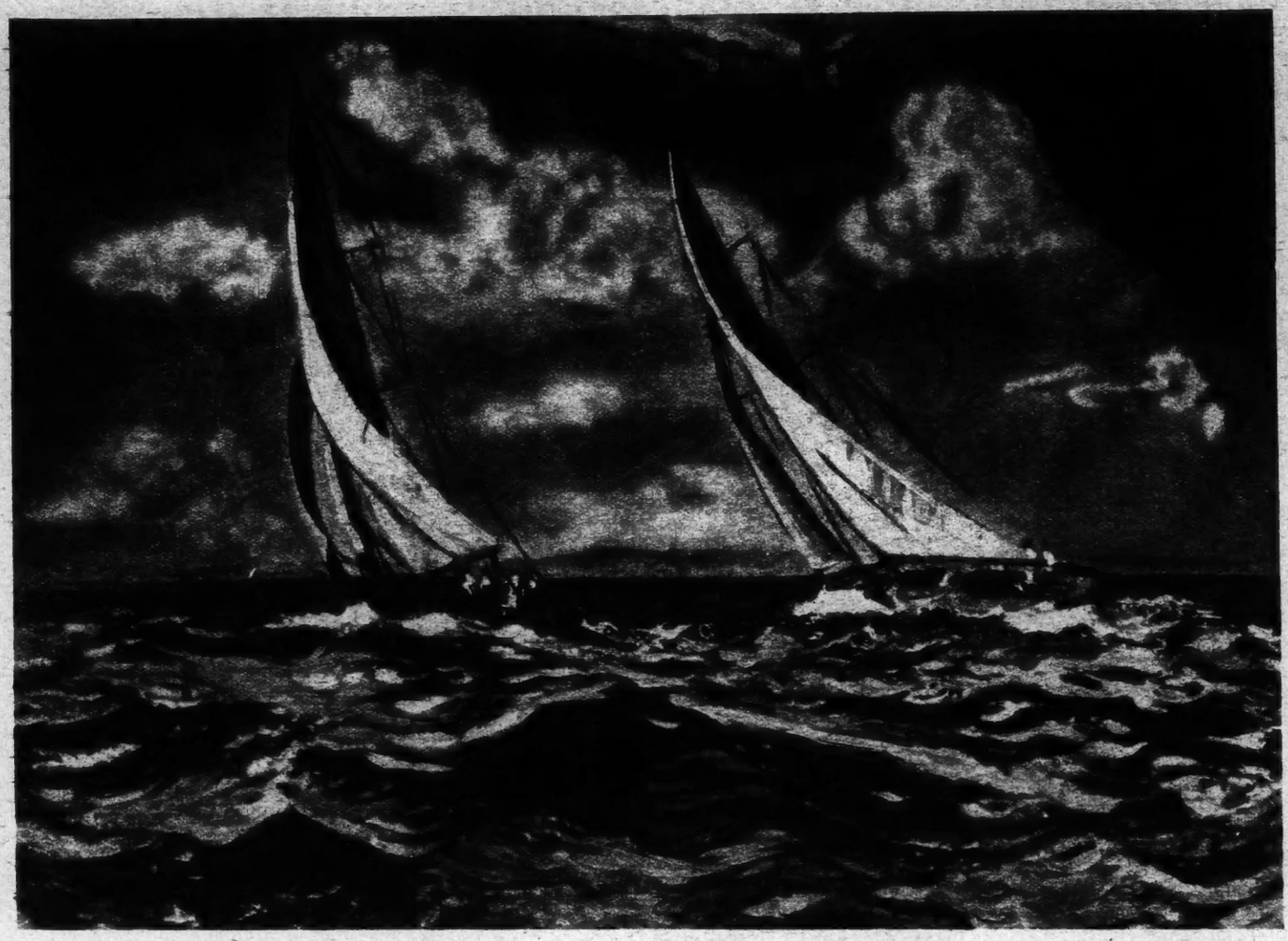
ELEMENTS OF LIBRARY METHODS. By L. D. Arnett, Librarian of West Virginia University. 225 pp. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $2.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY began giving instruction almost immediately after the admission of the State to the Union in 1863. The original library was housed in an unneeded room of the building in which the President was wont to confer with the Faculty, which body consisted of himself and four others. In serious cases some one of the thirty students might be called in, either for first-hand information or for chastisement in person. Each book contained a yellow pasted-in slip stating that the "library shall be opened at least once a week during the college year, at such time as may suit the convenience of the librarian." Today the same library, same by the process of evolution, places its more than 100,000 volumes at the disposal of the university's 4,000 students from 8 in the morning to 10 in the evening six days a week, and from 2 to 5 on Sunday afternoons.

It was precisely this interest in library activities, an interest on which no section of the country has a monopoly, that moved Dr. Arnett to write this admirable handbook, and that makes it such a valuable addition to every man's library. For it is sane in its theories, and it is thorough. It covers the ground from the prehistoric scrawls on Egyptian papyrus to the manipulation of the Harvard Library with its 2,187,900 volumes, "founded in 1638, the oldest library in the United States and the largest university library in the world."

Though not so divided, the book falls into three separate divisions or phases of the matter: technical instruction, general though unfamiliar information, and remarks of an advisory, even hortatory, nature. As to the first, it is hard to fancy how the book could be made more useful. With it at one's elbow any one could catalogue a library scientifically, quite regardless as to whether the plan adopted were the "decimal," the "expansive," the "Library of Congress" or the "subject" method of classification. With libraries growing in this country as fast as communities, there should be a wholesomely wide demand for a guide of this nature. As to the information, Dr. Arnett has omitted nothing. He has even included a working list of the leading publishing houses, with concise historical data, of the United States, France, Germany and England. His selections from our "about 375" American publishers might have been a trifle more inclusive. He lists only thirty-seven. But he is conservative always. He states, by way of illustration, that Germany publishes each year from 6,000 to 8,000 volumes. Truth to tell, that is virtually correct, but as the Germans reckon it their annual output amounts to 35,000 volumes.

"THE SCRATCH RACE"



From a Painting by Hayley Lever, Reproduced in the July Issue of Country Life.

Philosophy Is Still the Aristocrat of Literature

MATTER, MAN AND MIND. By W. F. F. Shearcroft. 191 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MIND AND MATTER. By C. E. M. Joad. 304 pp. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE. By Durant Drake. 259 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

By A. W. HINSHAW

PHILOSOPHY, from Plato to Kant, the darling of the erudite, and even throughout the nineteenth century still an aristocrat of letters, in our own times largely has been overshadowed in the popular favor by the wonders and fascination of science.

Three new books, however, indicate that the riddle of the universe has been becoming more rather than less interesting to men under the revelations of the laboratory, and that philosophy has begun to avail herself of the scientific method and attitude.

Briefly—too briefly to be entirely fair—Joad's "Mind and Matter" may be described as the philosophy of a scholar and a gentleman presented with man-of-the-world breadth and banter; Shearcroft's "Matter, Man and Mind," as a useful interpretation of the universe known today, readably written for any man, woman or adolescent who has the leisure and inclination to inquire where life is going; Drake's "Mind and Its Place in Nature" is the thesis of a hard intellectual worker who expects the same mental energy on the part of his readers. Drake's is not only an original contribution to philosophy but one of primary significance, which, if presented with a little more leniency toward the current taste for perspicacity in such treatises, would undoubtedly gain an eager following.

Of the three books, undoubtedly Shearcroft's, if not the most important, is insured the widest reading. It is written in the common tongue. While it should not be claimed that his book will hold the attention of the tabloid mind nor that it would appeal to the cinema seeker, it is readable and stimulating. If, indeed, he who runs may not read, certainly he who has a grammar school education and a lively mind will find in "Matter, Man and Mind" an able review and provoking interpretation of the development of mind and its achievements in molding matter to man's uses. There is no formidable phraseology in the book; where technical language is necessary it is adequately clarified within the text and without patronizing the reader.

Cosmology, the modern theory of matter structure, natural forces, relativity, various aspects of evolution, radio, biological chemistry and psychology are discussed in relevant chapters with a view to disclosing their interdependence and man's relation to them. In no sense an outline of science, the book affords the older college graduate important addenda to his scientific information and theory at the same time that it fills up for yesterday's alumnus gaps of courses he did not attend.

It is not extravagant to say that Shearcroft opens the way for a new type of philosophy—one which will more nearly serve mankind in general than Middle Age sophistry. The desire to rationalize the universe is almost an elemental urge. Religion has had virtually to give up the theology based on out-of-date metaphysics. Yet men continue to want leadership in their speculations on what it is all about.

Shearcroft makes no attempt to say either why or how we are here. He finds his problem in the trend of man's evolution. With all of us who find zest in living he is hopeful that man may live more and more abundantly, although he concedes that any improvements wrought in the individual man within the history of civilization indicate that the mills of God grind slowly. But he finds advancement in the mass of men—this he believes is obvious, continuous and purposive in the evolutionary sense.

Although his exposition of the theory of relativity is lucid as far as he takes it, he has left it to Joad actually to provide us with a working familiarity with that elusive hypothesis.

And this is the dominant characteristic of Joad's book. Himself an astute and careful scholar, he is particularly fortunate in presenting both philosophical and political theory in an engaging form calculated to please the palates of those with a stronger taste for culture than for unspiced information. This doesn't mean to say that he fails to supply sound information. Just there is his art. It is not that he seeks to disguise his bread and butter with marmalade but that he uses it in such expert proportion as greatly to facilitate the consumption of bread and butter.

"Mind and Matter" is a scholarly, ably argued and, at least superficially, modern thesis for dualism. The classic arguments in favor of a winged psyche which escapes the harness of matter binding law are newly dressed in psychoanalytic caps (Rivers cut, not Freudian) and relativity gowns. These are so fascinatingly presented—the author is fetchingly catholic and persuasively matter-of-fact—that the inferences drawn are seductive.

Charm notwithstanding, however, there is a lot of logic of this type in the book: "When we know our bodies, it cannot be with our bodies that we know them," and "Matter, for example, can be weighed; yet who can weigh the inspiration which breathes in a Shelleyan lyric?"

Two-thirds of the volume deals with exposition and explosion of the older monistic theories, materialism and idealism. Having pretty effectively routed these—in their less modern aspects at least—the author uses their refutation as the appropriate setting for the new determinism of the biologists and thus as a stepping stone to his own theory of the life force.

After he has disengaged spirit from the shackles of the material world he neatly drops the will into a "natural obstruction," "inertia" or "subconscious" trap which, though neither Calvinistic nor Freudian, as relentlessly limits the freedom of that force which launched the original fuss.

Nevertheless, in his final pages Joad appears clearly to indicate that, after all, dualism is merely the best working hypothesis available and that if one ever got to the bottom of things, a monism which we, or at least he, cannot now conceive would become apparent. The book, while it deals with abstruse matter for the most part, is such pleasant reading and its tone so congenial that it might safely be placed on the night table of a thoughtful guest along with exotic fiction.

Make no such error with "Mind and Its Place in Nature." Here is a book which calls for the clearest hour, though it is difficult to say definitely why, for it is reasonable in its use of sophisticated terminology, is direct in its approach to its problems and deals with that one which most has attracted active minds since men began to set down their thoughts.

This, of course, is the question whether or not the soul is subject to the recognized laws of the rest of the universe—most people grant that what we usually mean by "mind" is so subject—or to laws peculiar to itself, as in Joad's thesis, or, in some of the extreme theories, to any law at all.

Drake has come so near to capturing this elusive phase of mind and to supplying us with a unified universe that it is possible to look for his ultimate success. In the present volume he appears to feel that it already is accomplished. But this can be admitted only to the extent that thinkers open his volume predisposed in his favor. This may be—no doubt is—in large part due to soul terminology, which, in itself a record of old beliefs, is essential to the expression of new ones.

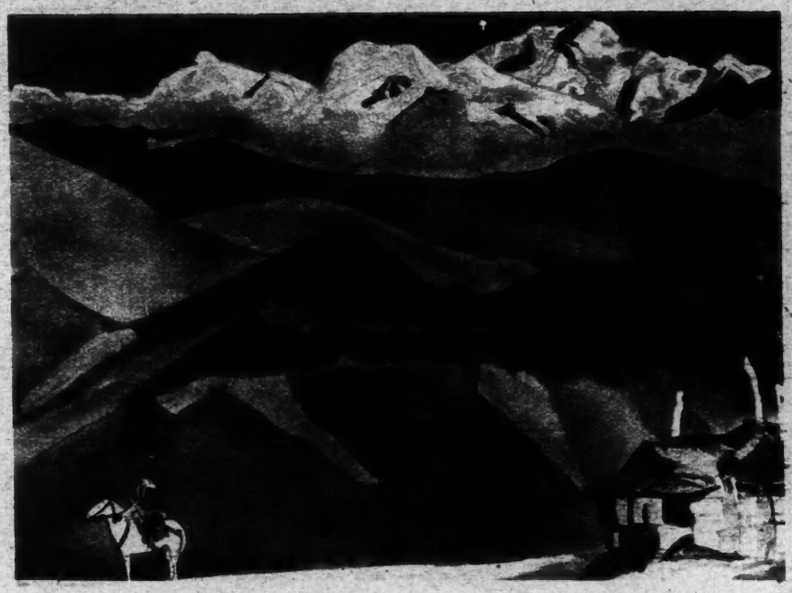
Drake's acutely defended realism, or what he calls "commonsense" view, will be his greatest recommendation to the reader who distrusts metaphysics as a lot of talk about non-existents. Drake not only carries his points, but meets the metaphysicians on their own ground, and, unfortunately for some readers, in metaphysical jargon through the earlier chapters, which are essential to the argument of the later ones. Nevertheless, the commonsense reader likely will object as loudly as Bryan to the material lawabiding consciousness later to be presented. Just as he regards a table as a table and not as an undefined thing of which a possible mental duplicate exists in his mind, he also regards the separateness of his own psychic life from the rest of the predictable universe as an obvious fact.

The first half of the book, called, "Nature"—for the sake apparently of avoiding the word matter and the common connotation of materialism—goes fully into dualistic theories of the universe and drawing upon modern physicists' theories of matter and upon psychology, maintains that the

(Continued on Page 18)

In the Realm of the Devil Dancers

Two Books on Tibet Which Revise Our Conceptions of the "Forbidden Land."



"Remember." From a Painting by Nicholas Roerich.

From "Roerich: Himalayas, a Monograph" and "Banners of the East," by Nicholas Roerich. (Brentano's.)

***A TIBETAN ON TIBET**: Being the Travels and Observations of Mr. Paul Sherap (Dorje Zödba) of Tachienlu; With an Introductory Chapter on Buddhism and a Concluding Chapter on the Devil Dance. By G. A. Combe, C. B. E., M. A. 212 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*

***IN HIMALAYAN TIBET**. By A. Reeve Heber, M. D., Ch. B., and Kathleen M. Heber, M. B., B. Sc. Illustrated. 283 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*

By ALMA LUISE OLSON

THERE is a wealth of promise in the very title, "A Tibetan on Tibet." So far, few Europeans have had an opportunity to stay long enough in the country to gain a comprehensive insight into Tibetan temperament. The travelers who have forced their way by stealth into Tibet the Forbidden have been too preoccupied in telling about their own adventures to offer more than fleeting pictures of the curious customs they encountered. To them the Western world is indebted for its somewhat inadequate impression of Tibet as a land of robber bands, prayer wheels, rushing winds and butter tea. To another more serious group belong writers like Sir Charles Bell, for many years British political representative in Tibet, Bhutan and Sikkim; Colonel L. A. Waddell, recognized authority on Lamaism, and Dr. Sven Hedin, veteran Tibetan explorer. Their scholarly accounts, political, religious, scientific, are invaluable. But even they, as Sir Charles Bell points out in his foreword to "A Tibetan on Tibet," are writing as Europeans from the European point of view. The really significant analysis of temperament and thought will doubtless be furnished in time by Tibetans themselves.

And "A Tibetan on Tibet" makes a good beginning. The book developed out of a chance meeting between G. A. Combe, who has set down the story on paper, and Dorje Zödba, or Paul Sherap, a local merchant in Tachienlu, or Dartsendo, the main gateway to Tibet from China. At the time Sherap was exporting musk to Shanghai. Mr. Combe's is the guiding hand. Judiciously he molds the material into chapters and records, wherever possible, the quaint speech of his companion, pleasantly flavored as it was with a mixture of pidgin and Biblical English. Sherap's literary methods are engagingly simple. "That is all I have to say about that," he announces, "and now I shall tell you something else." He has a sublime disregard for time and space. With a sentence or two he can cover a distance of several hundred miles. The absorbing subject of weather in Tibet he dismisses with the statement that often in the afternoon "strong winds get up."

Sherap is a true nomad. As a boy he ran away from home, in Eastern Tibet, because he wanted to visit his uncle in Sikkim and to see Lhasa and the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama. Then he went to Darjeeling and, after remaining in a Swedish mission for three years, set out to make the pilgrimage to Buddhgaya, near Benares, in company with a very devout lama, Pedma Rinchen.

Together the two visited important lamaseries in Bhutan, Nepal, Tibet and Ladak, and even went as far as Lahore, where they inspected the sacred island that is said to move around before sunrise in the small lake in which it rests. Since he did see it move a little during a high wind, Sherap concludes skeptically that perhaps it was built on a raft. Frequently his conclusions are colored by this prudent skepticism.

The way he has of calmly recounting his adventures reveals his philosophy of life. He does not dwell on misfortunes: the big man never allows himself to be affected by adversities beyond his control. "If the mind is good, all the world is good." And the right-minded man does not permit himself to be affected by his environment.

Sherap has much to tell about what is picturesque in general Tibetan belief. The old people say that man is descended from a demoness, Drasrinmo, and a monkey. Long ago, according to the sacred books, men lived ten thousand years. Each generation, as it grows more sinful, has a shorter life. There will come a time when human beings will marry at 5 and die at 10 years of age. Then the present "kalpa," or era, will end, and Maitreya, the next Buddha to be incarnated, will appear and "all the little people will go to him and inquire how it is that he is so big, and he will answer that it is by doing 'good works'." Strangely reminiscent of Wordsworth's lines is the Tibetan belief that a child is born with a memory of a former existence. With each new lesson learned, the memory grows dimmer. "At twelve months he learns to stand upright and walk, forgetting more, and every time he falls he loses memories. When he learns to talk, all his memories vanish."

Equally picturesque to a Westerner are the curious native customs which Sherap describes with faithful detail. When he discovered that he was furnishing material for a book his enthusiasm increased. No phase of life escaped his attention or his memory—birth, marriage, death, education, divorce, meat and drink, trade and barter, ornaments and dress, existence upon the open road among the caravans, myths and legends as perpetuated in the lamaseries and by word of mouth. Mr. Combe supplements the story with chapters on Tibetan Buddhism and on a devil dance he saw at Tachienlu, and for a critical reading of the text acknowledges indebtedness to Sir Charles Bell and to the Rev. R. Cunningham and the Rev. J. Huston Edgar, both of the China Inland Mission. The footnotes reveal a painstaking comparative study of other writers on Tibet. The dominant note in the volume, however, is not information but personality. Very kindful and very knowledgeful, to borrow the vocabulary of the book, are the two pilgrims, Paul Sherap, a nomad in spirit, and his old lama companion, Pedma Rinchen, steadfast in his faith and in his desire to attain merit by good works.

West of Tibet proper lies Ladak, a State subject to the Maharajah of Kashmir, yet also, by reason of an old treaty, paying tribute to Lhassa. The road from Srinagar, in Kashmir, to Leh, in Ladak, is the main highway to Central Asia, the route for almost all the trade to and from India. This region—it is British territory and not forbidden—has recently been made familiar to Americans through the press accounts of the journeys of the Roosevelts and their big-game shooting and scientific expedition into Chinese Turkestan. To Dr. and Mrs. Heber it is a region beloved as well as familiar. Into their stout volume, "In Himalayan Tibet," they have poured all their enthusiasm for the beauties of landscape and the cheery people among whom they have labored for twelve years.

Travelers from all parts of the world have visited them. The Roosevelts themselves turn up in one of the early chapters of the book. The guests have included botanists, geologists, ornithologists, archaeologists, topographers, devotees of the camera and the cinema, etchers, futurists and snapshot sketchers.

Life among the Ladaki seems topsy-turvy from the European point of view. But they in turn think Westerners are all mad, some more than others. Dr. and Mrs. Heber have borne this in mind during their contacts with the people. They have developed a sweet reasonableness as to differences of opinion and this is reflected in every page of their book.

When Salem's Shipwrights Turned Architects

***HISTORIC DOORWAYS OF OLD SALEM.** By Mary Harrod Northend. Illustrated. 96 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.*

IT is hardly too much to say that Americans owe a peculiar debt to Mary Harrod Northend for the work she has done in preserving in book form by pictures and descriptive text, and so making generally accessible, so much that was charming, beautiful and distinctive in the New England home life of Colonial days. This new volume, dealing with the famous doorways of old Salem, adds much to that debt, so attractive and informing is its delineation of a phase of that life. The illustrations, of which there are forty-six beautiful page plates made from photographs by the author, are the heart of the book and, artistically, deserve the warmest praise, so skilful has been the photography and so excellent the reproduction.

Salem has lately been celebrating, with fervor and picturesqueness, her three hundredth birthday, and so this book comes to remind us of gracious traditions and of the appreciation of exquisite handicraft and of genius in design that were a part of the later life of the town. We are accustomed to think of old Salem as the home first of witches and dour fanatics who burned them and then of prosperous merchants and shipbuilders and seagoing captains of commerce, and it is interesting to learn from Miss Northend's book how quickly taste and skill followed upon the relaxing of the restraints of religion and poverty. And the famous doorways and porches themselves were largely a by-product of the commerce that brought prosperity and material comfort to the townspeople. For the author explans that the business of shipbuilding gave occupation and training to large numbers of wood carvers, who made the figureheads that ornamented the prows of merchant ships, figures for which those old-time clippers were famous and of which their owners were justly proud. They lavished their skill, their ingenuity in design and their taste also upon ornate decoration for the captains' cabins, of which captains and owners both were as proud as they were of the figureheads. But now and then there would be an off-season in shipbuilding and then merchants, ship owners, captains, would employ these skilled craftsmen in the beautifying of their homes. Greatest of all these workers in wood was Samuel McIntire, wood carver, designer, builder, who for the last two decades of the eighteenth and the first of the nineteenth century toiled so fruitfully that his fame has lasted for more than a hundred years and is likely to continue as long as the wood in which he wrought remains in the form he gave it. Miss Northend says of him:

> That remarkable man, Samuel McIntire, so guided the architectural taste of the Salem people and so contributed to their building activities by the ingenious and beautiful productions of his own hands as to leave upon the town a stamp of genius hardly paralleled. The doorways and porches of the loveliest old Salem homes owe so much, either directly or indirectly, to the influence of McIntire that he might almost be termed the architect of Salem Beautiful—as for over a quarter of a century he was its master craftsman, working with an originality of conception, an ingenuity of combination, a freedom from hampering tradition, yet with a restraint and refinement of taste, which render his productions individual, beautiful and noble, the true notes of the Colonial style at its very best.

The Dodge-Shreve House.

This is high praise, but as one studies the examples of his work reproduced in this book one feels that it deserves the commendation given it, not only by this author but by many architects and writers on architecture. Miss Northend in her text follows the evolution of the Salem doorway from the earliest Colonial times down to the period of McIntire's death, in the early nineteenth century, when the Colonial style began to decline. There is a chapter on the door itself and the methods of its making, and then the author goes on to description of the entrances to specific houses, taking up almost fifty of them, of which nearly all are illustrated. She tells the story of the house itself, refers to the historically important men and women who have lived in it or been associated with it and re-creates in a few sentences many a scene of the early days. She makes us see Rebecca Nurse going out through the quaint doorway of her house and its surmounting sundial to the stake to be hanged as a witch; Washington opening a ball in his honor at Assembly Hall, which McIntire had built a few years earlier; scenes tragic or happy in the lives of successive owners of the Pierce-Johonnot-Nichols house, one of the earliest as well as one of the best of McIntire's houses and considered (says Miss Northend) "the best specimen of its kind now existing."

FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

England's Endowed Biographies

LONDON.

THERE are books that deserve a memoir quite as much as some of the men to whose careers that tribute has been paid. "Our "Dictionary of National Biography"—which, one is glad to learn, is setting the example for a similar enterprise in America—is still alive and growing, but its history would already provide material for an interesting volume. The story of its inception and early struggles may be read in F. W. Maitland's "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen," its original editor. When we get a memoir of Stephen's successor, the late Sir Sidney Lee, we shall doubtless have an account of its second period. Not only Stephen and Lee, but George Smith, the generous publisher of the D. N. B., and Thomas Seccombe, one of its assistant editors from 1891 to 1901, have passed away, but there remains with us Professor A. F. Pollard, another early member of the editorial staff. Apropos of the death of Sir Sidney Lee, he has just published some valuable reminiscences, but unfortunately in the comparative obscurity of an article in the Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research. It is to be hoped that he will reprint this contribution in a separate and more accessible form.

Professor Pollard tells us that the expenditure on the D. N. B. exceeded the receipts by £36,000. George Smith, who financed it, estimated at £100,000 the difference made to himself by sinking capital in the dictionary instead of investing it remuneratively. Only once did he make any protest against its drain on his purse. That was when further editorial corrections made it necessary to set up a whole volume afresh after the galleys had been revised and paged. The editors, it seems, were accustomed to excise, rewrite and add freely. Out of nine pages on the life of one of Queen Victoria's prime ministers, the original contributor, whose initials were appended to the article, wrote three only; one of the assistant editors added five pages and another one page. Dr. Richard Garnett complained that when the article on Shelly left his hands it was a work of art, but when it appeared it resembled the rest of the D. N. B. The present publishers announce that a third supplement, covering the years 1912-1921, is now nearing completion.

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THE first two printings of 6,000 copies of Sir Ernest Benn's "If I Were a Labor Leader" are almost exhausted. Other non-fiction books in great demand are the new volumes in the English Men of Letters series, the biography of the Prime Minister, the "Memoirs" of Raymond Poincaré, Ruth Fry's "Quaker Adventure," Alan Cobham's "Flight to the Cape," H. W. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage," Lord Huntly's "Milestones," de Selincourt's new edition of Wordsworth's "Prelude," H. C. Marillier's history of "Christie's," the little blue volume of Cape's "Traveler's Library," and the various books on cricket that have been appearing lately. F. Tennyson Jesse's romance of the sea, "Tom Fool"; Helen Beauclerk's delicate fantasy, "The Green Lacquer Pavilion"; Martin Armstrong's "Desert," a tale of early Christian Egypt, and Radclyffe Hall's "Adam's Breed," whose hero is a waiter in Soho, may be mentioned as full-length novels that are doing well. Several volumes of short stories, such as W. J. Locke's "Stories Near and Far," Walter de la Mare's "The Connoisseur," Liam O'Flaherty's "The Tent" and Aldous Huxley's "Two or Three Graces," are also in considerable request.

Some of the public libraries are considering amalgamation with the Students' Bookshops, Ltd., a cooperative society, in order to free themselves from an agreement between the Publishers' Association and the Booksellers' Association which forces them to pay the full net price for books, although they buy thousands every year. . . . Volume XI of "The English Catalogue of Books," covering the period 1921-1925, is ready for publication. . . . G. F. Barwick, late of the British Museum, is compiling for the Association of Special Libraries a directory of sources of specialized information in Great Britain and Ireland. . . . On Sept. 1 there will be a formal opening of the new premises of the Poetry Bookshop at 38 Great Russell Street, nearly opposite the British Museum. . . . John Murray, the publisher, is henceforth Sir John Murray.

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A. C. BENSON'S "Meanwhile," published anonymously in 1916, is to be re-issued with his name on the title-page. . . . J. C. Squire's books on Shakespeare, is announced for the Fall. . . . "Farewell to Adventure" will be the title of Margaret Kennedy's next novel. . . . Sisley Huddleston will anticipate H. G. Wells's new method of introducing living people by name in the novel of Parisian life he is writing. . . . The issue of Mrs. Conrad's memoir of her husband is postponed until the Fall. . . . Some of our present-day authors certainly have the knack of devising appetizing titles. E. V. Knox's next book is to be called "Poems of Impudence" and Arthur Lynch is bringing out a volume on "Humbugs of Science." . . . It is presumably Richard Le Gallienne's "The Religion of a Literary Man," published in 1893, that has suggested the title of "The Religion of a Journalist," on which J. St. Loe Strachey is now engaged. Mr. Strachey's "American Soundings" is nearly ready. . . . Canon B. H. Streeter's "Reality" will be a "plain and popular" exposition of an attempt at a new correlation of science and religion.

"The Mind of Rome," edited by Cyril Bailey, will be a companion volume to "The Pageant of Greece." . . . Messrs. Benn, the publishers of the "Encyclopedia of Furniture," have in preparation a similar work on "Decorative Sculpture." . . . Francis Buckley is following up his "Old English Glass" by a volume on "European Glass." . . . There is to appear shortly a posthumous book by William Canton containing a selection from his unpublished MSS. . . . J. K. Jerome's autobiography is now definitely promised for Fall publication. . . . Crompton Rhodes is embodying in a new edition of Sheridan's plays some important discoveries he has recently made concerning the original text. . . . George Sampson says that the true hero of Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West" is the translator. . . . Katherine Tynan is writing "A Dog Book."

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Three New Novels From Paris

PARIS.

BESIDES being one of the greatest poets of our day, M. Henri de Régnier is also one of our most original novelists. The action of the majority of his novels takes place in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. He has read all the memoir writers, and excels in reconstructing the background and customs of those celebrated eras. To this he adds a very personal sort of humor whose favorite theme consists of revelations, delivered in the calmest tone imaginable, of the disorderly and outrageous goings-on that frequently are hidden by most respectable exteriors.

Sometimes he makes one think of a Saint-Simon who does not grow indignant, but contents himself with an imperturbable irony; again, he recalls the gallant and free storytellers of the eighteenth century, but endowed with hidden, unspoken ideas. There is nothing more delightful than his "Double Mistress"; and his "Sinner," which I believe to be M. Henri de Régnier's masterpiece, so far, is in this field even profound. It will, however, do no harm to warn you that these novels are not meant for young girls. Still—and this is entirely just—the liberties that M. Henri de Régnier takes have not prevented him from entering the French Academy.

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HIS latest novel, just published, entitled "The Escapade," (L'Escapade), happens to have a young girl for its heroine; but she is hardly to be recommended as a model for a book on moral practices. The author begins with a most interesting picture of a noble family consisting of three good gentlemen. The oldest, the Marquis de Morambert, who occupies a prominent position in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, is a serious man, well versed in political economy, and destined for a brilliant career as a statesman. His younger brother, M. de Verdelot, has had so bitter an experience with love that he has become a woman-hater and has retreated to his estate. The third of the brothers, M. de Chaumusy, has lived the life of a libertine from his earliest youth. When he dies, murdered, his strict sister-in-law congratulates herself on being well rid of a relative who might compromise the honor of her name; then, however, she discovers that he was responsible for the bringing-up, in a convent, of a little girl by the name of Anne-Claude de Fréval, whose guardian he claimed to be, but who, by all indications, is his unavowed daughter. Mme. de Morambert decides to send this unsuspected niece to M. de Verdelot, who, in his lonely home, will be able to bring her up properly.

The coach that brings Anne-Claude to M. de Verdelot's country-seat is attacked by a band of brigands that is routed, in the nick of time, by a platoon of royal dragoons. Being a girl of gentle birth, Anne-Claude is not frightened. She does not even lower her eyes before the terrible gaze of the brigand chief, the famous Captain Cent-Visages (Hundred-Face), who is the bane of the entire region and the hero of a romantic legend.

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ONCE installed in the home of M. Verdelot, Anne-Claude pleases this weary sexagenarian in every respect. The exemplary conduct and modest grace of the young lady bring sweetness and cheer into the house of her kind uncle and even attract aspirants to her hand. It is merely remarked that she often is dreamy—but, for one of her age and position, what is more natural than dreaming? A century later Alfred de Musset was to wonder: Of what do young girls dream? And his answer would be: Of Prince Charming. One may well suppose that the object of Anne-Claude's dreams also was some one of that sort.

One night, therefore, she runs away, saddling a horse herself and going through the woods, a fearless Amazon—to join whom? The dreadful bandit, Captain Cent-Visages, whom she has been unable to forget since their only and rather exciting meeting. This is the prince who has irrevocably charmed our innocent young girl. After a brief and tragic love affair, however, and after stabbing with her own hand the hero, who, soon disgusted her, she returns to M. de Verdelot as if nothing had happened. She escapes all suspicion and lives fifty years longer, a spinster of good repute, until she dies at the hands of the Terrorists of 1793.

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IN "An Evening in Cordova" (Un Soir à Cordoue) M. Georges Grappe tells us the story of another exceedingly virtuous personage, a very pious Catholic Spanish woman of our day, who loves a Frenchman and who, when it comes to freeing herself so that she may go to her beloved without sinning, can think of no better way out than murdering her husband. This amusing paradox serves as a pretext for beautiful descriptions of Cordova, with its old Moorish houses.

In "The Figure" (Le Chiffre) M. Alexandre Arnoux relates how the young secretary of a crazy old man succeeds in surreptitiously opening his master's safe—not to rob him, but merely to demonstrate that it is a mistake to attempt to hide anything, and that no secret can resist a quick mind.

PAUL SOUDAY.

"Loading Herrings on St. Ives Quay."

From a Water-Color by Charles Simpson. From "Unknown Cornwall," by C. E. Vulliamy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

In the Literary Fields of Flanders

BRUSSELS.

THE Flemish prose-writer who exerted the greatest influence up to the war was, without doubt, Styn Streuvels. He began writing about twenty-five years ago with the group of young authors who gathered around the review, "Van Nu en Straks" (Today and Tomorrow), and who were rapidly to create a renaissance in Flemish literary life.

In fact, at the time when France experienced the finest years of symbolism, when in England the poets of the Victorian period mingled their voices with those of the Pre-Raphaelites, when in Germany the Modernites were about to produce Dehmel and Lilienkron while Hauptmann tasted his first successes, Flanders, situated at the juncture of the three countries, had not yet succeeded in ridding herself of the last traces of romanticism, and accordingly Flemish literature was vegetating without vigor and without originality.

The new school lifted Flanders from literary decadence. Their review boasted of a critic and remarkable essayist in the person of Auguste Vermeylen, now a professor at the University of Ghent. Other gifted writers contributed poems, short stories and dramatic pieces. But the prose-writer, the novelist, of the grand manner, was still lacking.

Then one of the editors discovered in an obscure paper a bit of prose which impressed him immediately by its vigorous style, its freshness and lifelike intensity. The unknown author was asked to contribute to the new review and his offerings were no less remarkable; in a short time he became known as the finest prosodist of his generation. Later, one of the editors told of the astonishment of himself and of his colleagues when, after having made the acquaintance of the new contributor, the latter confessed that he was a simple day laborer, a baker, who had barely gone through the primary school and had almost never put foot outside his native village in the heart of Flanders.

For more than twenty-five years this former baker's assistant has not ceased to astonish the educated people of his land by his writings, in which his magnificent prose, which is astonishingly vivid and highly colored, excels in description. Streuvels has been compared to Tolstoi and to Björnson; the Belgian Government has given him the highest honors; he is a member of the Royal Flemish Academy and has been seriously considered for the Nobel Prize. But he has been loyal to his origin. He continues to reside in the village of Ingoyghem, in the south of Flanders, between the Lys and Escaut rivers, one of the fairest corners of a land which he loves, heart and soul.

His talent is pre-eminently descriptive: he is a painter as well as a writer. No one else has been able to describe this country, slightly rolling, with broad horizons and a net of high roads bordered by poplars, as he has done. Nearly all of his novels deal with country life, with the tasks of the peasants and the existence of people who live close to nature. He has even been accused of writing books in which man only exists as a part of the countryside, books in which man, with his character and passions, remains, so to speak, outside of the canvas. But since the war Streuvels's talents seem to have grown. He spent most of the war years in his village, which was within the restricted zone, quite near the front, cut off from the outside world. This solitude seems to have endowed his work with breadth and depth.

In order to avoid being disturbed by the passions of the day, he turned to the past and wrote his historical novel, "Genevieve of Brant," which reconstructs the age when Christianity was introduced into Belgium. Since then, however, he appears to have abandoned the novel in favor of memoirs and essays.

In his war diary he had noted from day to day, with a surprising honesty and clarity, the events which occurred about him and the ideas which they suggested to his reflective mind. His "Diary of the War" is one of the few war books which retain their interest, quite as much because of the independence of his mind as of the profound humanity which breathes from every page. Bitter patriots did not fail to

(Continued on Page 14)

DR. SAMUEL PARR, MODEL OF PEDANTRY

"Dr. Parr," Said a Young Student, "Let's you and I write a book." "Very well," Replied the Doctor, "Put in all that I know and all that you don't know, and we'd make a big one."

James Oliver Curwood Writes an Historical Novel

THE BLACK HUNTER. By James Oliver Curwood. Illustrated. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

OVERSHADOWED by the more obviously important, more obviously dramatic events of the American War of Independence, the period of the French and Indian Wars has, as Mr. Curwood reminds us in the preface to this, his first historical novel, been practically ignored by writers of fiction. When used at all there has been but "small degree of historical accuracy." For though James Fenimore Cooper employed that troubled time for the setting of both "The Pathfinder" and "The Last of the Mohicans," he was at once too close to the time and too thoroughly a romancer not to write from a more or less prejudiced point of view; the French and their Indian allies are always the villains of his piece. Mr. Curwood's villains are painted even blacker than Cooper's own, and his virtuous people are as snowy white, but he does not, at least in this volume, attempt to portray Indians, except as a terrifying menace to the white settlers. Kill-Buck, the Delaware, is the only one of the race who has any individual part in the narrative, and his is but a slight one.

Mr. Curwood, so well and favorably known as a writer of Western stories, announces this new novel as the first of a series of tales, "the material and the thought" for which have been growing for more than ten years. The book is at once a labor of love and of pride in an ancestry traced to these pioneers and to an Indian great-grandmother. It clearly shows careful preparation, a thorough familiarity with the events and conditions of the time and setting; among its faults are unconvincing characterization, and a quite understandable tendency to slip over the borders of the present narrative to events lying beyond. Anne St. Denis and David Rock are utterly conventional figures, and one would gladly exchange many pages of their rather dull-witted misunderstandings for a few picturing the doings of "The Black Hunter," who, though he gives his name to the book, plays a much smaller part in the narrative than the reader expects, and hopes. For this man "of mystery, of heroism and of strange and tragic deeds," half-crazed by the massacre of his wife and children, who slipped through the forests, garbed in black even to his soot-stained rifle, and bore warnings to settlements and outlying dwellings of coming Indian attacks, is a fascinating person. One feels that the narrative would have gained in interest by following his fortunes more closely and paying less attention to those of David Rock.

Yet the novel is interesting, and gives a lively, at times even enthralling, account of those bygone and very dangerous days. Opening on the St. Denis seigneury on the Richelieu, it moves to Quebec, returning for its climax to the Richelieu country. In the September of 1754, when the lands along the Richelieu seemed comparatively secure, it shows us the great estate of one of those lords to whom the Kings of France granted wide domains on a kind of feudal tenure of defense of the country. Anne St. Denis, educated in the Convent of the Ursulines at Quebec, was hostess of Grondin Manor, her father's home on the Waterway, the one path by which the English could strike into the heart of Canada, when François Bigot, Intendent of New France, the most powerful man in the country, described in true motion-picture parlance as "wicked, and without conscience," came there accompanied by his fellow-scoundrel, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, and several of their allies, including Descheneux, a "serpent in man's form." Bigot, of course, developed an instant passion for the marvelously beautiful Anne, already betrothed to David Rock; to win her, he planned to destroy David, and Anne's faith in David. For this most nefarious purpose he lured David to Quebec with all sorts of flattering promises, and there went to work so dexterously that David was actually condemned as a traitor. But his schemes, so far as they concerned Anne and David, were defeated at the last—not at all to the surprise of the reader.

But all this is only the excuse for well done descriptions of the stronghold in the wilderness, where even the church "had more loopholes than windows in its stone sides," and of gay Quebec:

> Soldiers—and officers of State ruled the streets. Officers clanked their swords * * * and while priests came and went in raiment of somber black, ecclesiastics of higher rank wore robes of princely richness. Women, with curls shining in their own brightness, or coiffures powdered white, wore drooping hats and sweeping plumes and costumes of picturesque grace and beauty.

Then, sharply contrasting, comes a return to the wilderness and a vivid account of Braddock's awful defeat, when "every tree and log was transformed suddenly into a pitiless, shrieking, maleficent spirit of death," and only the twenty men from the Richelieu refused to join in the slaughter, a refusal for which their allies first, then history, branded them as the cowards they very certainly were not. But the Indian allies of the French were no worse than those of the English, and the scalps of Braddock's men were still bleeding when word came that the English were moving up the Richelieu, with Sir William Johnson at the head of 1,100 Indians. It is this attack which provides the book with a fierce and thrilling climax.

For Mr. Curwood has striven honestly to hold a fair balance between French and English. If Contrecoeur, the French commandant, made no smallest effort to save the English prisoners from being burned at the stake, the English, as well as the French, accepted tributes of scalps from their Indian allies, scalps which were often those of women and children; both sides helped to feed the fires of "rivalry and hatred," both sides worked to increase the passions of the savages until they were but so many blood-thirsty furies. The Indians, the "Black Hunter" declared, were what the white men had made them. At a great price were won Canada and that portion of the United States once held by France, although, as Mr. Curwood often insists, it was the utter rottenness, the shameless treachery of the most highly placed officials which cost France her kingdom in the New World. By its sweep and movement, its color and careful detail, its revivification of the life of a period which is, as one realizes with a certain surprise, so distant does it seem, actually less than two centuries ago, Mr. Curwood's first historical novel justifies his departure from his former fictional territory. Despite its too-frequent adherence to motion-picture standards, "The Black Hunter" is a novel worth the writing and the reading.

IRVIN COBB'S TALES

PROSE AND CONE. By Irvin S. Cobb. 360 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

IRVIN COBB has been for some time a national institution. And like all such popular recognized commodities that appeal from coast to coast, there is a divergence of views concerning his value. There are at least two points of view for surveying Mr. Cobb—though doubtless he would agree to more. To Robert H. Davis, for instance, Cobb is the foremost humorist writing today. This opinion always gives H. L. Mencken a horse laugh. Humor, however, besides being such a serious thing, is also many things to many people. If he can make you laugh, the charge that his humor is forced, labored and creaky cannot seem other than carping. A good many, though, regret that Mr. Cobb became a funny man. They believe that a good short-story writer—one that might have met with success in something quite out of reach of popular fiction—has been obscured and lost.

In the present volume Mr. Cobb presents a collection comprised of six short stories and four broadly humorous articles. It gives the reader the range of Mr. Cobb's writing. His six short stories have a variety of theme. In situations and characters they run the gamut from negro stories of vaudeville and prize-fighters, through the affairs of cowboys, theatrical managers, society folks and a society crook, to the inevitable story of Judge Priest. As every one knows, Cobb is a natural story-teller. His craft is far removed from the virtuosity of skilled technique, being of rather obvious construction, in fact artless, yet spinning a yarn in such a way that two of these stories are capital tales. His ability to create characters—or perhaps amusing types—has brought him success. Then, too, one should remember Cobb's attitude toward life—his heart has always been in the right place—a little matter of great importance that has won affectionate regard for his work.

To all casual appearances the short stories of Cobb are objective. Yet there isn't one story in these six that is not in its essence colored with feeling and sympathy that is in that of the genial and understanding writer. The smallness of little souls greedy with avarice, forgetful of the help of others, has slight chance of getting by with him. Not that he is didactic; the foibles of his stories are ironical and human, perfectly in character, but well marked for all easily to observe where he stands on such behavior. The dumb, blundering hick of "Who Laughs Last," the butt of the story, in the end gets his man, who had been the life of the party. Knock Out Broadus, a negro fighter, brought into prominence and success by his clever manager, whom he quickly forgets upon achieving popularity in the fistian circles of Harlem, subsequently meets disgrace in the ring because of his failure to appreciate the value of the man who formerly had guided him. This is by no means an incident of poetic justice—though Cobb rejoices in the turn of events—but the retort of a spurned fellow motivated by indignation.

"The Silent Partner" is an intimate realization of that make-believe world, the miniature fascinating world of the theatre. It reveals the life of Mr. Frustor and Mr. Finn, producers, from the moment they agree on their productions for the coming season, through the ordeal of casting, to the opening night. Mr. Cobb knows his Broadway as well as the great open spaces of his "Plaster of Paris." The curious psychology that helps to produce hits and flops, with temperaments, ironies and histrionics, deck out this laughable story with first-hand accounts of insight and recognition. The real theatre sat for this story, as distinguished from the romantic version.

Judge William Pitman Priest, as many know, had retired from the bench and taken to travel. Now once more he is back home and has resumed the practice of law. It seems that the Judge really hadn't been ready to retire, but with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment he found it impossible to sit on the bench and sentence folks for drinking—when he himself had a cellar well stocked to supply his daily tonic. The Judge, Sergeant Bagby and old Doc Lake—of an elder tradition—find themselves out of joint with the two-faced enforcement officers and their ballyhoo men who are drawing pay for executing a law that is to make angels of the public at large. Certainly, the Judge is anything but inspired by this new South that has been so recently heralded. It is hard to say whether he is more disturbed over the disappearance of old Bourbon or the doctrine of State rights. The Judge, brought up in a tradition of intellectual tolerance that regarded all sumptuary legislation as void, is driven to remark that "New England—yes, suh—and points adjacent is the last remainin' stronghold of the ancient and honorable Southern doctrine of State rights." From which remark it will be observed that the Judge is sorely distressed these days. But an old-time fishing party that the Judge and his cronies enjoy as of yore brings an unexpected adventure into these new-fangled ways that introduces a delightful and rare novelty into their lives.

In his humorous articles we have Mr. Cobb editorializing more directly. Here Cobb essays on such themes as long pants, the canning of a dog and its effect upon a funeral procession, the adventures of Cobb, the funny man, in the course of a lecture tour and Shakespeare's Seven Ages. Mr. Cobb, without in any way wishing to destroy the bard's fame, takes occasion in his genial way to point out some errors in his concept of man's passage through this vale of tears. Much of it is in his broad manner, yet we found ourself grinning here and there, and also piqued to interest by some observations that were other than commonplace. There is point to the observation that "what all the world loves is a chance to laugh at a lover." We are inclined to believe that Mr. Cobb can still write those stories—stories out of the magazine manner—that some have thought him capable of.

IN THE LATIN QUARTER

TARR. By Wyndham Lewis. 341 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THIS novel of an English flaneur in a Latin Quarter densely populated by Germans was written before the war and was published in 1918, apparently on the strength of the intense dislike Mr. Lewis entertained for the Germans. It is now reprinted and emerges in a truer perspective as a novel by a painter.

Like most such books—Du Maurier's and Thackeray's excepted—"Tarr" is somewhat chaotic, with eloquent protest in every line, and the thirst for the ideal evincing itself in bitter denunciations of the imperfections of the actual. Its very vigor suggests, however, an absence of form which is denied by the exquisite shaping of the action, the masterly characterization, the unaffectedly accurate psychology, and the savage humor of the whole presentation of the futilities of a great speculative intellect geared to carnal vacuities of la vie de Bohème. More than anything else, one lays aside the book with the conviction that "Tarr" is an unstinted draft of bile and beauty, surcharged with a splenetic wisdom.

The action is built up around the efforts of Sorbert Tarr, a cultured English dilettante, to shake off his unctuous affiliations with Bertha Lunken, his Teutonic chère amie. After serious talks with three of his friends, he decides that it is the thing to do, goes to see her and decides not to do it. Then Otto Kreis-

(Continued on Page 13)

Heretics and Modernists In Church History

Dr. Jones on Our Debt to Heretics—The Fourth Volume Of the "Outline of Christianity"

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY. Vol. IV. The Story of Our Civilisations. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE CHURCH'S DEBT TO HERETICS. By Rufus M. Jones, D. D. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

By P. W. WILSON

IT is as a sequence that we are able to discuss these careful and learned books. Keen in analysis, yet gentle in temper, Dr. Rufus Jones touches on some heresies in the earlier Church. And as editor of the fourth volume now added to "The Outline of Christianity," Bishop McConnell presents a monumental symposium of the Modernism through which, at the moment, some churches are passing. The smaller volume may be read, therefore, as a preface to the larger.

To attempt an analysis of the latest length of "Outline" would be presumption. Perhaps, like Homer, to whom even names were poetry, we may indicate briefly a roll of honor. We have Professor Pupin coordinating the physical and spiritual worlds. Dr. Rice discusses evolution. Dr. Coe is the appointed psychologist, Professor Rall deals with philosophy, Dr. E. C. Moore with skepticism, Professor Niles Carpenter with the social program, Dr. Odum with political ideals and Professor Adams Brown with education. Dr. Erskine handles allegory, Dean Lutkin music, and Professors Reisner and Moulton archaeology. Dr. Knudson covers criticism, while Dr. Goodspeed explains manuscripts. It is a powerful curriculum, the aim of which is to "provide us with a tolerable explanation of the riddle of existence." Any one mastering these pages will have been exercised by a mental gymnastic of wholesome severity.

"The ink of the scholar," says Mohammed, "is more sacred than the blood of the martyr." This is the ink in which the latest seed of the Church is sown. To the sufferings of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, who were burned for heresy, Dr. Jones does not apparently allude. It is with Erasmus, who "had but small stock of passion for martyr fire," that he is concerned. On those misunderstandings of the Monophysites which in the fifth century disturbed the orthodoxy of Eutyches and in the nineteenth century upset a future Cardinal called Newman, there is shed not heat but light.

In the forefront of the new evangel there stands Dean Inge, attractive as ever in his halo of gloom. He helps to solve the riddle of life as follows:

> The philosophy of Spencer, Huxley and others in their time was a queer blend of subjectivism and mechanicism. The two would never combine. Either the agnostic subjectivism dropped out, leaving dogmatic materialism with a floating haze of inert "epiphenomenal" mind products hovering over it, or the unknowable insensibly took to itself attributes and became the supreme subject of mystical contemplation. This may be said to have happened both to Herbert Spencer's "unknowable" and to Hartmann's "unconscious." They both point, strangely, toward Neo-Platonic mysticism.

If Christianity be a cult of subtle words, intended for those few but eminent scholars whose subject happens to be what Cambridge calls the Moral Science Tripos, here doubtless is a text for many a sermon. But, on the other hand, a Christianity so stated offers a closed door to mankind as a whole. Whether Dean Inge be right or wrong in whatever may prove to have been his meaning, we fear that the epiphenomenal minds whose mystical contemplation sanctifies the subways of life will continue to be "inert" to subjectivism and mechanicism, and the mental idiosyncrasies of Spencer and Hartmann. A Christianity stated in these terms, be it true or false, is stamped as the special perquisite of the few.

According to Dr. Jones, "we all deviate from Christ." And it is possible that we have here an illustration. In the midst of a church it is possible to set the scholar. As a matter of record, Jesus preferred the child. And what he taught was not agnostic subjectivism or even mechanicism, but the simplicities of love and joy and peace. It was the common, not the uncommon, people who therefore heard him gladly. And against the rule of the scribes, the unlettered Galileans, who became his Apostles, were in revolt. While there is a place, then, and an important place, in the Church for Erasmus, who first determined the Greek text of the New Testament in ink only, we do not quite understand why Dr. Rufus Jones should have overlooked the heroic figure of Tyndale, whose heresy consisted of translating that text into the vulgar tongue which all men spoke. In Tyndale the ink of the scholar and the blood of the martyr were mingled.

About the mind of Dean Inge there is an honesty that inflicts a pain on the Dean himself. He sees so clearly that he suffers. And he knows that the intellectual statement of the faith, however valuable, has left a vacuum which nature abhors. He writes:

> Feeling, will, imagination—every obscure and primitive instinct—has invaded the temple of reason. Discredited superstitions—theosophy, necromancy, spiritualism—have lifted up their heads again. A neo-Catholicism which prides itself in believing in all kinds of miracles, ancient and modern, has sprung up and flouts the idea of uniform natural laws. It seems sometimes as if we were reverting to a pre-scientific age.

While Dean Inge expounds Hegel and Kant from the pulpit of St. Paul's, his brother clergy are filling their churches for services often indistinguishable, in ceremonial at any rate, from the Eucharist recently celebrated for the million in Chicago.

It is a situation for which history prepares our minds. One hundred years ago the Unitarians swept New England. But there was a violent reversion to mysticism, first among the Mormons and later in Christian Science. And Dr. Jones suggests a precedent which perhaps will appeal yet more directly to a divine like Dean Inge. He tells us of Arius with his "scientific temper of mind," who "arrived at his position by dialectic," and "disliked fringes and shadows," and "had no interest in mystic depths, nor in vague suggestions of realms beyond the margins of surefooted thought." In a society which was "heathen to the core, crude, sordid and confused," Arius took what was for those days a modernist view of the Incarnation. The Emperor was on his side. And so was wealth; so was fashion.

Yet Arius, with his charming personality and dignified demeanor, had to reckon with a little red-haired, busy and impossible enthusiast called Athanasius, who made himself everywhere an intolerable nuisance. Why did Athanasius—to use a current term—"win"? It was, so Dr. Jones tells us, because he "cared less for logic" and "built much more naturally on experience." Athanasius "felt the unparalleled significance of the Incarnation, which throbbed and beat in his own soul." The man "lived his way into the meaning of Christ's revelation" and "entered regions also to which logic had no key." It was Athanasius contra mundum. Yet the result was the Nicene Creed.

Christopher Wren Showing Charles II His Designs for St. Paul's Cathedral.

Science and scholarship may have been yesterday in "opposition"—as politicians express it—to orthodoxy. But for a generation such science and such scholarship have been, as it were, in office. And like every government, they are subject in their turn to criticism. Even in Berlin a professor of philosophy like Paulsen assures us that "science by reason of its poor practical results must be looked upon as a thing of the past" and that "the future lies open to faith." Nor does Dean Inge disagree. "Scientific beliefs," he cries, "have they any validity except in helping us to live?" It is an exclamation of despair which suggests that, after all, William Jennings Bryan neither lived nor died in vain. It may be true that "we seem to have moved centuries" since "the encounter between Wilberforce and Huxley about men and monkeys or Gladstone's defense of the Gadarene miracle against Huxley." But the movement has not been toward Huxley. "The doctrine of natural selection," writes Dean Inge, "belonged to the age of unchecked industrial competition when the Devil or the workhouse was waiting to take the hindmost." And "Spencer's psychology of biological adaptation prepared the way for reaction." We do not wish to amplify unduly this swan song of yesterday's evolution, as resisted, and apparently resisted with adequate reason, by an unconvinced faith. But there is here a manifest dilemma. Either Dean Inge is talking rubbish about evolution or an apology is due to Tennessee. A philosophy now admitted to be thus speculative is no suitable vehicle of education for children in their early 'teens. By what conceivable intelligence test is the boy or girl in high school to "observe that all the anti-Darwinian theories are teleological," that "De Vries's theory of mutations gives an alternative explanation of the origin of new species" and that "there is, they say, a tendency to progress innate in the organism itself"? And how many teachers are qualified to present the ever-changing phases of the biological debate? It is no wonder that the suspicions of the mountaineers were aroused.

Scholarship also has now to face the music. Dr. Cadbury of Harvard tells us that "the critical study of the Scriptures is a romantic tale of adventure, comparable to the voyages of explorers." For the explorers themselves, the voyage doubtless has been as fascinating as Dr. Cadbury suggests. But for those of us on whom is laid the duty of living at home there arises the question what of practical value the explorers have brought back. Although "the allegorical use of Scripture had been long established in the Church," so we learn, it "usually served to obscure the real meaning and interest of the apostolic writings." Apocalypses and parables, therefore, are to be no longer permitted. And Bunyan, St. John the Divine and Christ himself must teach otherwise. Mediæval artists, moreover, and poets like Dante, Bernard of Clairvaux and Samuel Wesley must find other themes.

In attacking allegory, scholarship may be successful, but on one condition—that it offers a substitute equally helpful to the people. The actual substitute offered at the moment seems to be set out with lucidity and candor by Professor Cadbury when he deals with "questions of authorship in the New Testament." "The Epistle to the Hebrews," he writes, "is now generally agreed not to be his [St. Paul's] work," but "it is more difficult to deny the authorship of the thirteen other letters." The picture of learned men trying to "deny" the authorship of the Pauline Epistles, but with an only imperfect success, suggests a cartoon for Max Beerbohm. Not that we would fasten unfairly on a phrase which, however revealing of a mental attitude, was doubtless inadvertent. Professor Cadbury leaves us in no doubt as to what is involved in questions of authorship, as new canvassed. The discussion may have been useful once. But today it is worn threadbare. One day St. John as the author of the fourth Gospel "lost ground," while "the traditional authorship of Luke and Acts has gained some notable supporters"—language that might be applied to a primary in Pennsylvania! A thousand years hence there will be precisely the same votes taken on the question whether the same Kipling wrote the Recessional, Stalky & Co. and the Barrack Room Ballads, in which products of genius there is also, as Dr. Cadbury puts it, a "divergent style." While, then, we do not in the least challenge Dr. Cadbury's plea that scholarship has added much to our knowledge of the Scriptural text, we think the time has come when in certain directions that limit to the discussion has been reached which in mere Parliamentary would be marked by what technically is called the closure.

A Study of Mercantile Hygiene

HEALTH CONTROL IN MERCANTILE LIFE: A Problem of Conserving Human Energy. By Arthur Brewster Emmons, 2d. 234 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.

WHILE the intense specialization of this book makes it of interest and value chiefly to those engaged in the endeavor to conserve health in mercantile life, such as office managers, personnel workers, nurses and doctors, for whom its practical importance is very great, it has also a certain intellectual interest for other readers as an instance of the rapid growth of the principles of preventive medicine and of the broader horizons and the more enlightened viewpoints of the modern mercantile world. The author, Dr. Emmons, is director of Harvard Mercantile Health Work and instructor in the practice of industrial hygiene, Harvard School of Public Health. To that school came six years ago a group of merchants asking for advice in developing health work in stores, and the matter presently developed into an agreement that the school's Division of Industrial Hygiene should supervise a five-year study of the betterment and control of health in mercantile establishments. Twenty-five large stores in Boston, New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, Newark and Cleveland cooperated in and financed the undertaking. A sanitary survey was first made of each of the cooperating stores and then its reports were studied, recommendations made, experiments tried, results recorded. Numerous industrial physicians, other doctors, dentists, nurses, physical educators and others joined in the investigation, and Dr. Emmons has drawn the material for his book from the reports, records and experiences of these authorities. In his introduction he discusses and explains the value of mercantile hygiene to the employes, the owners and the managers of stores and to the community, and shows also the inducements it offers to young doctors—a feature which may interest prospective physicians. The body of the book describes and discusses in detail the many phases of mercantile hygiene which were studied during the five-year investigation of the subject, explains the solutions that were found to many problems and evaluates the service given. The results showed remarkable reductions in illness, lost time and expense.

Fifty Years After Custer's Fight

Mystery and Controversy Still Surround the Story of "Long Hair's" Last Stand

Where Custer Fell.

From "The Vanishing Race," by Joseph Keosuth Dixon. (National American Indian Memorial Association Press.)

***THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN.** By Lieut. Col. W. A. Graham. 174 pp. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.*

AFTER fifty years, as recent comments on the anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn have shown, Custer's last fight is still surrounded with mystery and confused with controversy. Did Benteen and Reno fail their chief in his hour of need? Or was the catastrophe the result of Custer's own hot-headedness and thirst for glory? Lieut. Col. Graham, who has weighed and presented all the available evidence in a commendably judicial manner, does not answer these questions in so many words. His undeniable facts do, however, make a fairly simple story, and that story is essentially the record of an unnecessary sacrifice of brave men's lives. Custer and his men died because traders had been allowed to furnish the Indians with modern weapons and ammunition, because the scouts had erred grossly in their estimates of the number of hostiles in the field, and finally because Custer threw himself into the fight blindly, without proper precautions, without waiting for reinforcements, and without providing for concerted action between the three detachments of his own command.

The United States Army has never had a more picturesque figure than this cavalier with the yellow curls—a reckless youth who graduated from West Point only by some stretching of the academy's rules and then rose, in four short years, to command the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac. If he had died in some wild charge against the remnants of Lee's army on the Appomattox pike he would still have been a romantic legend. But he lived until romance went a little out of style and the wreaths of Five Forks had withered. A decade went by. Economical Congresses, supported by a nation sick of military affairs, cut the army to a skeleton. Hundreds of officers dropped out. Those who remained could not be promoted. The dashing Major General of 1865 was a slightly weary, somewhat eccentric Lieutenant Colonel in 1876. And then the great opportunity came. The eyes of the nation were again upon the guidons of the cavalry. Custer rode in search of a lost glory—and found it, imperishably his, on the bank of the Little Big Horn.

At this distance of time there seems no reason why the Sioux warriors should ever have been confronted with an inferior force—inferior, that is, in fighting power. General Terry, who directed the movements of the Eastern column, of which Custer and his Seventh Cavalry were the spearhead, had planned to catch the Indians between the Seventh, with its 600 troopers, and Gibbon, with 400 infantrymen. If these forces had effected a junction they would have been more than sufficient to defeat the 1,500 warriors who were supposed to be in the field, and they certainly would not have been wiped out, even by four or five thousand Sioux and other Indians who were encamped upon the Little Big Horn. At the worst the Indians would have got away—so Lieut. Col. Graham thinks. But Custer did not wait for Gibbon to come up. He sent Reno to open the attack with only 112 men, and he himself charged with about 225. The facts being what they were, the result was not for a moment in doubt. Reno's force, what was left of it, escaped only because the Indians withdrew as Gibbon's doughboys approached. Custer's little army was killed to the last man, with comparatively little loss on the Indian side.

Custer was to have scouted the Indian trail and then joined Gibbon's column on the Little Big Horn on June 26, although, as Lieut. Col. Graham says, "there is abundant proof that Terry, as well as Gibbon and Custer, considered either column amply able to meet and defeat the Indians." Usually the Indians had run from the troops. Custer seems to have been afraid they would run this time. He went by forced marches and on the evening of the 24th learned that the Indians had crossed the divide between the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn. Immediately he made plans to find and attack their camp the next day. That night the cavalrymen rode ten miles in the darkness—half of them riding to their deaths. Hostile Indians, as was afterward learned, skulked along their trail and carried to Sitting Bull and his chiefs an accurate estimate of their numbers.

Next morning Custer's scouts reported that they could see the Indian camp. Custer, gazing through his field glasses, was skeptical, but nevertheless ordered an advance. As he drew nearer the supposed camp he divided his force into four parts—one part, under Benteen, to scout on the left, another, under Reno, to accompany a third part, under Custer himself, and a fourth to guard and bring up the supplies. Custer and Reno marched in parallel columns until shortly after 2 o'clock, when a small hostile band was sighted, and Reno was directed to follow them and charge into the village. His last orders indicated that Custer would support the charge with the troops under his own command.

The rest of the story has been told and retold. Reno's handful of men found themselves outnumbered, outflanked and in danger of total destruction. The survivors recrossed the river, dug themselves in and were later rejoined by Benteen. So ignorant were they of what had happened that some openly accused Custer of having abandoned them. What Custer actually had in mind to do will always be uncertain. All that is known is that he did not support Reno, as he had indicated he would do, but instead approached the Indian camp from a point further upstream. Perhaps he expected to catch the Sioux between two fires, scatter them, and drive them back to their reservations. Instead he enabled them to defeat his forces in detail. He had been outwitted.

> The simple truth [says Lieut. Col. Graham] is that in this, the greatest battle ever waged between the red men and the white, between a receding and an advancing race, the red men had the victory because they exhibited that day a greater proficiency in the art of war than did the chosen representatives of the white race.

Certainly one would have to go back to Braddock's defeat to find the like of the Little Big Horn. Even there the parallel is not close, for Braddock's fight was part of a war between two European nations, not of the red man against the Caucasian. The Little Big Horn was the last desperate stand of the Indian against white aggression. Never before had he assembled so formidable a force, nor would he ever do so again. The personal tragedy of that sombre day was Custer's and Reno's, but the racial tragedy—more mournful, perhaps, and more memorable—was the Indian's. Custer's hundreds fell, but from the bloodstained sod sprang up tens of thousands of miners, cattlemen, farmers, spawn of the white civilization.

The dead were not in their graves before debate as to the blame began. Reno asked and got a court-martial which dismissed him with an equivocal verdict. Custer, having paid for his mistakes, such as they were, answered to no earthly court for the lives of the troopers he had led to destruction. As one puts down Lieut. Col. Graham's book the details dwindle in importance; what remains of the picture is a yellow-haired paladin riding into the sunset, and the remnants of a vanquished race taking a fierce and sombre joy in their last great fight. How alien from all that they desired or knew is the America of 1926!

Communism Makes Little Headway in Peasant Russia

***BROKEN EARTH.** By Maurice Hindus. With an Introduction by Glenn Frank. 288 pp. New York: International Publishers. $2.*

MOST of the books that have been written about Russia in the past few years have dealt with the leaders and their policies. "Broken Earth" tells us about the raw material out of which these leaders are trying to build a new Russia—in other words, about the muzhik, the peasant. Mr. Hindus is a Russian by birth and an American by adoption. He went back to Russia, as he tells us in his foreword, to hear the people talk, to find out what the revolution had done to them and what they thought of the new state of affairs. He traveled in many parts of the country and visited many villages, talking with all sorts of people, men and women, old and young, Communists and non-Communists. He not only talked with the people; he lived with them, joined in their work and play, their festivals and their discussions. And when he came to write down what he had seen and heard he wisely chose to picture for us just one little village, the village where he was born and where he lived as a boy. What his picture lost in breadth by this method it more than gained in definition. Instead of a panoramic view of Russia as a whole we have a sharply detailed picture of one small community, a community which the author tells us is typical of thousands of others.

There is another advantage in this method. The people of whom Mr. Hindus writes are old friends and neighbors. Having known them as they were before the war and the revolution, he is able to judge for himself how they have been changed by these world-shattering events. Moreover, these people talk to him more freely and more frankly than they would to a stranger. His talks with them are not interviews; they are conversations. Eager as he is to learn about the present state of Russia, the muzhiks are no less eager to learn about America, that land of which they have heard so much and about which they know so little.

One thing that struck Mr. Hindus most forcibly on his travels through the country was the absence of trees. Where once great forests and beautiful groves had stood nothing but stumps remained. The explanation, he learned, was simple enough. When the Czarist régime had been overthrown and the great estates had been confiscated, the peasants, pending the expected division of these estates among them, had hastened to cut down the trees, each fearing that if he did not join in the general destruction some one else would get his share. As a consequence of this the streams are drying up and the productiveness of the country is in danger of being seriously impaired. The Soviet Government is aware of this danger and is trying to save what remains of the forests, but as its domination in the country districts is far from being so complete as in the cities, the task is a difficult one.

The chief interest of the book lies in the author's account of the peasant's attitude toward the Soviet Government. Communism has made comparatively little headway among the muzhiks. Some of them, particularly of the younger generation, are ardent Communists, but many of the others are in violent, or at least vociferous, opposition. What surprised Mr. Hindus more than anything else he saw or heard was the fact that the peasants did not hesitate to express openly their criticisms of the Soviet Government. He had expected to find them, like the people of the cities, afraid to criticise the party in power, completely cowed by the tyranny of the Soviets, but he found nothing of the sort. The muzhik has more liberty of speech than he has ever enjoyed at any previous time, and he is making the fullest possible use of that liberty. He complains loudly that the Soviet Government is more tyrannical than that of the Czar, that he is overburdened with taxes, and that he is fined or imprisoned for "every little thing." Among the "little things" mentioned to Mr. Hindus was the fact that it is no longer permitted to give presents to an official. In the days of the Czar no peasant ventured to ask anything of an official without bringing a gift of some kind. To do so now brings heavy punishment upon the bearer of the gift and still heavier punishment upon the official who accepts such a gift.

The reason, according to Mr. Hindus, that the Soviets are so lenient with the muzhik in the matter of free speech is that they are trying to conciliate him. They know, even if he does not, that he is the most difficult problem with which they have to deal. The muzhik is by nature an individualist and opposed to the basic principles of Communism. He wants to have his own bit of land, however tiny it may be, to cultivate for himself. To win him over to the idea of communism, if indeed it can be done at all, it is necessary to grant him many concessions. And one of the simplest of concessions is to let him talk to his heart's content.

What the outcome will be Mr. Hindus does not attempt to say. He is chary of making predictions, being content to show us the situation as he sees it. He is convinced, however, that, although the muzhik is as yet unconscious of his power, the future of Russia depends upon him. If the muzhik cannot be persuaded or cajoled into embracing the Soviet form of government then that form will have to be made over to suit him. And the tendency so far has been in that direction.

From the Jacket Design by William Gropper for "Broken Earth."

Current Magazines

IN his department, "The Centurion," in the August Century Magazine, John Erskine discusses the human body as a medium of expression. He points out that "for centuries we have pretended that the face alone is expressive," and he is of the opinion that not even the present trend toward fewer and scantier garments can change our attitude in this respect until we learn to "think of the body as an instrument for gesture, attitude and posture—as the medium of an art." He continues:

If we were to become interested in dress as an aid to the expressiveness of the body, and in the body as our most natural vehicle for uttering moods and character, we should be ready to understand the importance of clothes, and the principle which ought to govern the choice of styles. Clothes are important less for warmth and less for modesty than because the nude figure cannot express so much as the figure draped. Attitude and posture are brought out by lines, and soft cloth has more lines in it than the natural skin. The flowing dress of the Greeks, such as their actors put on, was needed to develop to the utmost the range of mood and emotion. This much can be said for man's dress, uncomfortable though it is: It preserves the lines of the figure better, on the whole, than do the changing fashions of woman's gowns: Agamemnon could still come home from the war quite effectively in khaki, but it would be difficult for Clytemnestra to make much impression in a Red Cross uniform.

In the same issue of the Century Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy writes on "The Tonic of Disaster," pointing out that all of us, even the sufferers, unless they are utterly crushed by it, are thrilled and exhilarated by disaster. Mr. Kennedy thinks, and he is probably right in so thinking, that this is because disaster brings relief from boredom, the disease which no physician can cure. Other articles in this issue are: "The New Tammany," by Gustavus Meyers; "The Future of Israel," by James Waterman Wise; "The Old Cattleman Comes Back," by Charles Moreau Harger; "Swallowed by the Jungle," by Harry A. Franck; "Why I Am a Socialist," by Frances, Countess of Warwick; "First Aid to the Physician," the story of the American Medical Association, by Morris Fishbein; "Those Wonderful Days at Beaune," by George S. Hellman; "The Exceptional Child," by Fred C. Kelly; "The Roving Critic," by Carl Van Doren, and "Investment and Banking," by John K. Barnes. There are short stories by Sophie Kerr, Karl W. Detzer, Dorothy E. Norman-Smith and Isa Glenn; and poems by Lord Stites, Floyd McKnight and L. A. G. Strong.

The August number of Asia contains "With the Kingliest King in Arabia," an account of a meeting with Ibn Saud, by Ameen Rihani; "The First True Polar Voyage," the story of a sixteenth century Dutch search for the Northeast Passage, by Henry B. Curry; "A Paradise for Fat Men," all about Japanese wrestlers, by May L. Cochrane; "Fur and Feathers in Oriental Art," pictorial; "The Great Salt Train of the Sahara," by Angus Buchanan; "Sons of Kings," pictorial; "The Soviet Idea in the 'Kino,'" by Ernestine Evans; "The Price of British Withdrawal from Egypt," by Pierre Crabites; "The Tibetan Wheel of Life," by J. B. L. Noel; "Exiles," by Roland Dorgeles, and "Washington and Peking," by Henry Kittredge Norton. There are many excellent illustrations of scenes in various parts of the world.

The new McClure's is making a strong bid for leadership among the fiction magazines. It has already discovered one author who looks like a comer. His name is Elliott White Springs and he writes stories about the flying corps. Having been one of America's first five aces during the war, he knows whereof he speaks, and his stories fairly breathe the reckless, dare-devil spirit of the men who fought in the air. His stories deal not only with flying and fighting, but also with liquor and ladies, which, if Mr. Springs paints a true picture, appear to have been the other two major interests of the fliers. Mr. Springs's first story appeared in the June McClure's and his second, "The 18-Carat Angel," is in the August number. Other short stories in this issue are "The Handsomest Man on Broadway," by Helen Bishop; "S-S-S-S-T," by Charles Divine; "Tessie Tingaling," by Beth A. Retner; "Dear Daddy," by Lilith Benda; "If There Must Be Romance," by Mary Singer; "The Girl Called Sin," by Hazlett Kessler; "The Two Spinsters," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Mardi Gras Madness," by Edwin Dial Torgerson; "The Covetous Male," by Ben Hecht; "The Test," by Meigs O. Frost; "The Petting Party," by Morris Gilbert, and "The Nanina House," by Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Besides instalments of Harvey Fergusson's "Hot Saturday" and Warner Fabian's "Summer Bachelors," the other features include "The Bobber Shop," verse, by Berton Braley, with a drawing by Arthur William Brown; "The Gas Man," one of a series of humorous skits by Wallace Irwin; "Where the Jazz Begins," by James Kervin McGuinness; "That McClure Girl," by John Held Jr.; "Stand By for Roxy," by S. L. Rothafel; "When 30 Repents the Marriage Made at 23," by Mrs. M. and Mr. H., and "The Little Courtin' Car," verse, by Gerald Beaumont.

The High Hat, which describes itself as "Long Island's Lively Revue," is a new magazine published at 18 West 34th Street, New York City. Daisy Miller is the managing editor, and her associate editors are Elizabeth Irons Folsom, Lorance Miller, Kathryn White Ryan, L. Scott Bower, Joan Wentworth and Mrs. "O. Henry." In an editorial in the first issue (July) Daisy Miller explains the name "High Hat."

And the Pharisee, you remember, thanked God he was not as other men.

In modern language he "high hatted" the other fellow.

Now, it does not take a philosopher to realize that every human being is at heart—just a wee bit—of a Pharisee.

If you are honest with yourself, you know down deep in your heart you wouldn't swap places with the best man on earth. You may say so. But you know you wouldn't.

Now, if you admit that you are a bit of a Pharisee, you are just owning up to being human. And it is to human human-beings that the High Hat is dedicated. To the folk that are pretty well pleased with themselves, their homes, their friends, the town they live in, their families, their kiddies, their dogs, their car, their golf score.

Besides news and notes on Long Island society and sporting events, the July issue contains "As It Was," a short story by Elizabeth Irons Folsom; "Meet the Skipper," a sketch of Fontaine Fox, the cartoonist; "Where History, Poetry and Romance Have Left Their Charm," an appreciation of Roslyn, Long Island, by Daisy Miller; "I Knew Him When," the story of John Humbird Duffey, the comic opera singer, by Thilman Orr; "Dog Talk," by Lorance Miller; "What Are They Reading," by Templeton John; "Painting Fishermen," by L. Scott Bower;

The Numismatist for July recalls memories of Bryan's "16 to 1" campaign with an article by Farran Zerbe on "Bryan Money" illustrated with reproductions of many of the tokens that were struck off during that campaign for purposes of propaganda. A few of these were made of coin silver and were intended to show the comparative value of the gold and silver coins of the United States. Most of the tokens, however, were made of baser metals, some even of cardboard, and these were of a satirical character and bore more or less humorous inscriptions. Mr. Zerbe has carefully catalogued these tokens, giving a brief description and history of each. Mr. Zerbe also describes three pro-silver or anti-gold tokens issued during the same campaign and "Tod's Pot Metal Dollar," a politico-satirical piece produced during the first campaign of David Tod for Governor of Ohio in 1843, which is believed to have suggested the issuing of the first tokens during the Bryan campaign.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"The Tenderfoots." Francis Lynde. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Unquenchable Flame." Arthur J. Rees. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
"Styrbiorn the Strong." E. R. Eddison. (Albert & Charles Boni.)
"None But the Brave." Arthur Schnitzler. (Simon & Schuster.)
"She Shall Have Music." Alyse Gregory. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)
"Mad Rapture." Elizabeth Irons Folsom. (Macaulay Co.)

NON-FICTION.

"The Truth About Mormonism." James H. Snowden. (George H. Doran Co.)
"Romantic Rascals." Charles J. Finger. (Robert H. McBride & Co.)
"Torchbearers of Spiritualism." Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. (Frank-Maurice, Inc.)
"Edison: The Man and His Work." George S. Bryan. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
"The Sea and the Dunes." Harry Kemp. (Brentano's.)
"You're On the Air." Graham McNamee. (Harper & Brothers.)

Books and Authors

ARCHER WINSTEN of Princeton is the winner of the first prize in the Intercollegiate Literary Contest conducted during the past year under the auspices of Harper's Magazine. The judges, William McFee, Christopher Morley and Zona Gale, selected Mr. Winsten's "Story in Descending Discords" as the best of the manuscripts submitted by undergraduates in eighty-four of the leading colleges and universities in the United States. Mr. Winsten, who graduated from Princeton last month, wrote the story while he was a senior. As originally announced the prizes in this contest were to have been $500, $300 and $200, but instead of a second and third prize two second prizes of $300 each were awarded. One went to Mary Lispenard Cooper of Vassar College for a story entitled "Moth Mullein," and the other to Walter D. Edmonds Jr. of Harvard University for his story, "Up River Mists and Lilacs." Honorable mention was given to Julia Godman of the University of Oregon, Gilmore Flues of Princeton, Roberta E. Smith of Washburn College, Marie Macumber of the University of Nebraska, Tench F. Tilghman of the University of Virginia and to Miss Cooper, winner of one of the second prizes, for another story entitled "Easter." Mr. Winsten's story will be published in the August issue of Harper's Magazine, which appears tomorrow.

In his introduction to Walter S. Masterman's mystery story, "The Wrong Letter," which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish early in August, Gilbert K. Chesterton praises the book by telling what the author does not do. For example:

He does not introduce into the story a vast but invisible secret society with branches in every part of the world, with ruffians who can be brought in to do anything or underground cellars that can be used to hide anybody. He does not mar the pure and lovely outlines of a classical murder or burglary by wreathing it round and round with the dirty and dingy red tape of international diplomacy; he does not lower our lofty ideals of crime to the level of foreign politics. He does not trace the crime hurriedly in the last page or two to some totally insignificant character whom we never suspected because we never remembered.

These are a few of the things that Mr. Masterman has left undone. Mr. Chesterton confesses that the mystery contained in the story completely baffled him.

Two new instructors have been added to the staff which will conduct, under the direction of John Farrar, the short session for students of creative writing at Bread Loaf, Vt., during the two weeks from August 16 to 28. Arthur McKeogh, editor of McClure's, is one of the new instructors, and the other is Robert M. Gay, Professor of English at Simmons College, extension lecturer at Boston University, contributor to the Atlantic Monthly and author of "Writing Through Reading" and "Fact, Fancy and Opinion." The Bread Loaf school is an adjunct of Middlebury College.

H. E. Bates, who is Edward Garnett's latest literary discovery and the author of a novel, "The Two Sisters," which the Viking Press will publish in September, is just 21 years old. He was 19 when he wrote "The Two Sisters." He left school at the age of 17 to take up journalism, but was "oppressed by its prosaic bondage," and got a job as a clerk in a warehouse. Can you beat that? Of course he is right about the bondage, for all work is that, but "prosaic"—oh, well, perhaps English newspapers are different.

A set of the works of Joseph Conrad is being bound for Doubleday, Page & Co. by the French Binders, a group of artist craftsmen who came to this country several years ago to bind the rare volumes in J. P. Morgan's library and have since been connected with the Country Life Press. The books are being bound in sea-blue French levant with silk linings, and each volume bears on the side a mosaic design in colored leathers symbolic of the tale in that particular volume. Five of the twenty-four volumes are now completed.

Magdalen King-Hall, whose "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" was published by D. Appleton & Co. under the pen name of Cleone Knox, was interviewed the other day about the dog who appears with her in her first photograph to reach America. The young author said: "Blaney, the Kerry Blue, is a great pet. He looks in the photo as if he had written the 'Diary.' I expect it would have been much cleverer if he had, as he is awfully intelligent." Such modesty is most becoming to youth, but the fact remains that the "Diary" was clever enough to fool a lot of hard-boiled critics.

Norma Lorimer, whose book of Eastern impressions, "By the Waters of Carthage," has just been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, is fascinated by camels (the quadrupeds, not the cigarettes). She says of them:

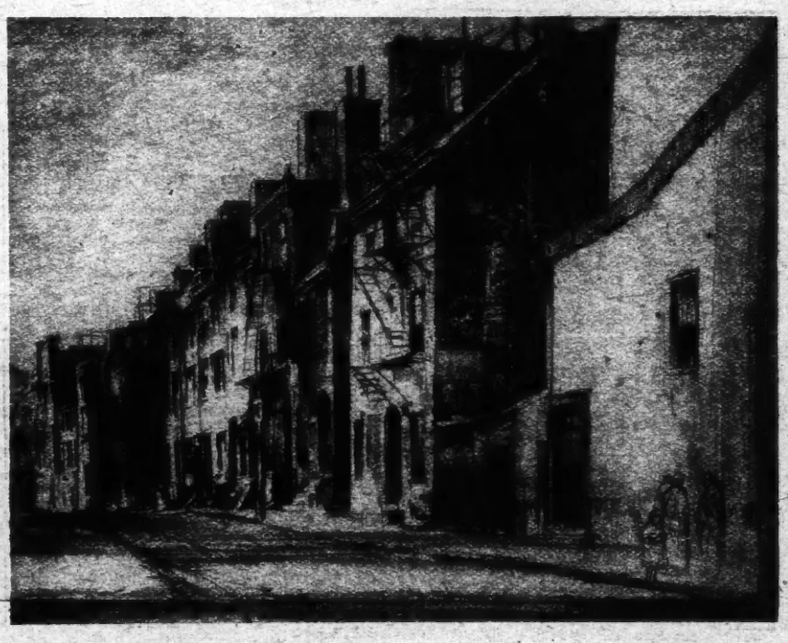
These strange supercilious leavings of the prehistoric past are almost as scornful of mankind as new-born babies. A horse looks as foolishly modern beside a camel as an Englishman in his blue serge suit looks beside a burnoused and biblical Moslem. How any living thing manages to look so affected and at the same time so much the grande dame as the camel I can't imagine. How she must have been detested in the Ark!

No doubt camels are scornful of mankind, but they haven't anything on the cat. The cat's scorn is not so openly expressed as that of the camel, but try to imagine a cat kneeling down at the word of command and permitting mere man to pile a lot of burdens on her back.

Members of the Order of Bookfellows are eligible to compete for two poetry prizes just announced. The first is a prize of $50 offered by The Torch Press for the best poem published anonymously in The Step Ladder, and the other, $25, is offered by Mrs. Grace Dickinson Sperling for the best sonnet dealing with a musical subject. The first contest closes Sept. 25, and the second Oct. 1. For further information about these contests apply to Flora Warren Seymour, clerk of the Order of Bookfellows, 1,217 East Fifty-third Street, Chicago, Ill.

The crowning achievement of "Lord" George Sanger, whose "Seventy Years a Showman" will be published in August by E. P. Dutton & Co., was to tame an oyster and teach it to sit by the fire and smoke its pipe of clay. No, we don't believe it either, but we are assured on the honor of the publishers that the book tells all about this stunt and many others almost equally marvelous.

"OLD HOUSES, PHILADELPHIA"



From a Pencil Drawing by Earl Horter. From the July Issue of the International Studio.

Latest Works Of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

ler—a savagely drawn cartoon of the pre-war Prussian student, overripe for suicide—appears on the scene. Kreisler is attracted to Anastasya Kasek, another German bourgeois bohemian, but she prefers the Polish Soltyk to the despondent Teuton, who

approached a love affair as the Deutsche student engages in a student's duel—no vital part exposed, but where something spiritually of about the importance of a nose might be lost; at least stoically certain that blood would be drawn.

Kreisler and Bertha tumble accidentally into a liaison, which ends at the moment of its consummation. Kreisler then, fancying himself insulted by Soltyk, challenges the Pole to a duel. The duel is described in a passage that is a tour de force of mordant humor. It ends with Kreisler killing Soltyk by accident. He flees to the frontier, then gives himself up to the police, and hangs himself while in a police cell.

In the meantime Tarr and Anastasya have joined forces, as it were, and the former is gradually getting rid of Bertha by a process ironically described as "reduced doses" when "the Lunken" informs her former lover that she is with child by Kreisler. With a casual chivalry that is almost insulting, Tarr marries her and continues his affair with Anastasya. After a while Bertha is divorced and Tarr drifts on to Rose Fawcett, by whom he has three children, but whom he eventually neglects to the advantage of Prism Dirkes. This entire dénouement is summarized neatly on the last few pages, leaving the bulk of the volume to the two slashing portraits of Tarr and Kreisler.

Wyndham Lewis, one deduces, had reason to hate the Germans, even before the war, but his hatred was purely esthetic, and his tenderness for the plump and statuesque women of the race is at all times open-eyed. Indeed, his spleen is generously distributed, and includes much of the human race. For this reason "Tarr" is not likely to achieve much popularity, for people have a rooted habit of preferring Dickens to Dean Swift.

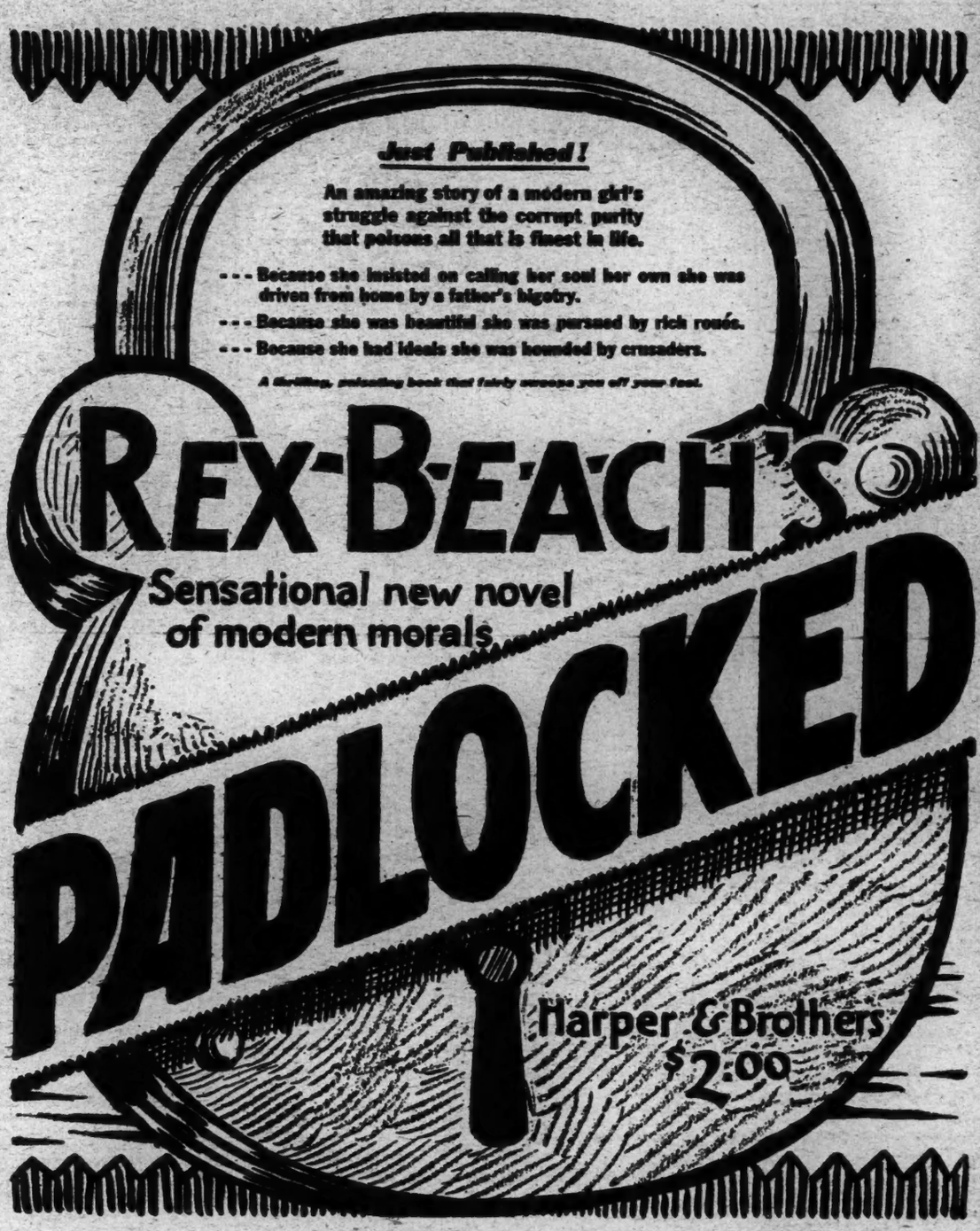
But this defect should not obscure the deep merit of Mr. Lewis's fine perceptions. Such random sentences as "We are really the whole time playing a game of grabs and dashes at each other's fairy vestment of imagination," and "Beautiful people wander dangerously about in life, just like ordinary folk," set the tone of passion which surges on with torrential if turgid violence in such a creed as this:

"Here's to waste!" he said loudly. "Waste yourselves, pour yourselves out, let there be no high-men except such as happen! Economy is sedition. Drink your blood if you have not wine. But waste; fling out into the streets; never count your yarn. Accept fools, compromise yourselves with the poor in spirit; fling the rich ones behind you; love like lions in the forests, with fleas on your back. Down with the Efficient Chimpanzee!"

Here speaks the torture of the artist, not the mind of man. Those who find that this sort of inspired raving leaves a bitter taste, however, should consider the book on its merits as humor. Not always is the humor savage, and on occasion it rises to dizzy heights of intimate mockery, as when he describes the success of a Parisian restaurant:

The Restaurant Vallet, like many others in Paris, had been originally a clean, tranquil little creamery, consisting of a small shop a few feet either way. Then one customer after another had become more gluttonous. He had asked, in addition to his daily glass of milk, for beefsteak and spinach, or some other terrific nourishment, which the decent little business at first supplied with timid protest. But perpetual scenes of sanguine voracity—weeks of compliance with the most brutal and unbridled appetites of man—gradually brought about a change in its character. It became frankly a place where the most carnivorous palate might be palled. As trade grew the small business had burrowed backward into the house—the victorious flood of commerce had burst through walls and partitions, flung down doors, discovered many dingy rooms in the interior that it instantly filled with

(Continued on Page 18)



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English Undefiled

(Continued from Page 5)

The trouble with "Lucrece," in our opinion, is that there is very little poetry, hence certain details stand forth with such nakedness as to make them, by their emphasis, offensive. We can but feel that M. Legouis is so pained at finding the English Homer also could nod, he must seek an explanation for the phenomenon, however extravagant that explanation. The simple fact is that Shakespeare wrote a deal of bad poetry, first and last—as it was his unalienable right to do. But it is also a fact that so often in poetry he surpassed all others that his bad poetry escapes notice.

M. Legouis, however, does not cavil when it comes to the question of Shakespeare's attainments in the drama. In answer to his question, "In what does Shakespeare's superiority over his contemporaries consist?" M. Legouis answers: "The variety of his gifts."

> There is hardly a glory of Shakespeare's drama [he writes] which might not be matched by a fragment or an aspect of some other play of the period. What, then, is distinctive in Shakespeare? First, the combination of all the gifts which were scattered or isolated in the work of others, the multifariousness of his curiosity and the extreme diversity of his talents. Shakespeare is never found twice at the same point. His greatest triumphs could not induce him to sustain an attitude.

M. Legouis supports all this (and more) by reference to the plays, his contemporaries' plays and Shakespeare's own; and the reader will find that this foreign study of Elizabethan drama, of the richness and soundness of which scarcely a hint has here been given, one of the most provocative likely to be met with.

One will turn from M. Legouis's study of Shakespeare to his study of Milton with, perhaps, foreboding. After all, one is likely to say, a Frenchman should appreciate the romanticism of Shakespeare; but will he not be unsympathetic to the Puritanism of Milton? But if French literature has been romantic it has also leaned, at times leaned heavily, toward the classical. Hence, who should be better able to appreciate the classical Milton than a Frenchman? It is M. Legouis's distinction that he perceives that the poetry of the Reformation required a classically inclined poet. "Alone among poets he (Milton) endeavored to blend the spirit of the Renascence and the Reformation." And he adds, "Milton was the first to conceive, from the outset of his career, a work which combined the perfection of ancient art and the intimate moral ardor of the Bible." But before he comes to "Paradise Lost" M. Legouis has something to say on Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity" which should be quoted, not so much for the light it throws on the English poet as for the light cast on the French critic.

> The poem has, above all, absolute perfection in the choice of words and sonorities. The interpenetration of sound and meaning is undefinable and mysterious. The poet uses all the resources of a language enriched by the Elizabethan treasure. But among the riches at his disposal he makes a severe choice. He keeps only the exquisite, reaches the limits of stylistic effect, but never lapses to obscurity or bad taste.

M. Legouis states that this ode is untranslatable. That the French critic could, therefore, so expatriate himself from his own language as to appreciate this fact and to write the above should banish any lack of confidence a reader might feel in trusting to his judgments.

It was inevitable that the weak spot in Milton, his egotism, should not escape the Gallic sharpness of M. Legouis; but if he calls attention to it he does so without malice. He merely states in passing that Milton projected himself into the characters of his epic, but his conceptions could, he adds, be vast. "Milton," writes M. Legouis, "could present the universe with a sense of its immensity which leaves far behind the curious, grotesque and complicated conceptions of Dante." And he regards "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" as forming a true epic—something not every one has been willing to concede. "The aspect of the poem, its divisions and its style, are like those of the 'Aeneid' or the 'Iliad.'"

M. Legouis has written a more important book than Taine wrote, for the reason that he understands better than did Taine the function of a critic. If we are not mistaken, it was another Frenchman who showed what that function is, namely Sainte-Beuve. And this function of the critic is to search out what is unique in a work of art and to make manifest that uniqueness. To do this with a one work of art, or with two, is possible for many; to do it convincingly for a succession of artists over a period of a thousand years is the test of a critic's greatness. M. Legouis's book leaves us with the conviction that he is a great critic.

Literary Fields of Flanders

(Continued from Page 8)

attack the author for his independence. With the antagonism between Flemings and Walloons which exists in Belgium, the attack was echoed in Parliament, but that did not prevent the Government from rewarding his services by making him an officer of the Order of Leopold. Another book, "Land and Life in Flanders," depicted the profound changes which the war wrought in the life and thought of the country-folk. He also published a charming volume of "Memories" and in "Little Darling" studied the early years of a little child who feels itself shut off from life.

Quite as remarkable is his latest book, "Upon Flemish Waters," which tells of a motor-boat excursion on the Yser and the Lys. The author's companions were three well-known painters, of whom Albert Saverys is the most famous and whose canvases reveal the same landscapes which Streuvels describes in his books. The object of the trip was "the discovery of landscapes" which might provide subjects for their works.

Accordingly, the book is not only an opportunity to describe the territory covered but also offers living portraits of three artists in all the exuberance of their activity. Not the least interesting are their humorously reported talks, their jokes and their sallies, which abound in opinions on modern art, painting and literature. The volume is richly illustrated with fine photographs and numerous representations of the pictures of the three artists, so that the reader has the chance to compare them and their theories with their temperament and artistic talents.

Another Flemish author, Cyriel Buysse, has just given another instance of the close relations between painters and authors. A few months ago Emile Claus, the most famous of our luminist painters, whose reputation was universal and whose pictures have found their way throughout the world, died in Buysse's studio on the banks of the Lys, the river which has so often inspired our painters and our poets. Claus died suddenly, the very day after her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians had announced her visit and had sent him a superb basket of flowers. In order to thank her for this gracious courtesy, he wanted to offer her a pastel of the same flowers. He had just finished the picture, had signed and dated it, when he had a stroke. A few hours later he was dead.

The painter had spent the evening before with Buysse, one of our better writers, who lived a few miles away and who had been an intimate friend for more than thirty years. The author has just dedicated to the late artist a beautiful book, entitled "Emile Claus, My Brother in Flanders," as an "In Memoriam" of his respect and friendship. Although it is abundantly illustrated with reproductions of the paintings of the master, the volume is neither an artistic appreciation nor a biography. It consists almost entirely of anecdotes and personal recollections stamped with the atmosphere of the soil, which makes the lost one live again as his innumerable friends and admirers knew him. So this book is a fine monument to the affection which linked the two artists in their admiration for the fair land of Flanders which they glorified in their works, each in his own fashion.

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Brief Reviews

SPEECHES OF DR. SZE

ADDRESSES. By Sao-Ke Alfred Sze. Introduction by W. W. Willoughby. 140 pp. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

FIVE addresses delivered last Winter at various times and places by Dr. Sze, Chinese Minister to the United States, have been brought together and published in this little volume because they aroused so much interest and there was so much demand for their complete texts that publication became necessary. That there should be such a demand is proof that the American public is not only deeply interested in the situation and the prospects of China but also that it wants to know China's own viewpoint on her troubled relations with the rest of the world. The subjects of the five addresses indicate the phases of the situation with which they deal: The Problem of China, The Causes of China's Discontent and How They May be Removed, International Aspects of the Chinese Situation, Extra-territoriality in China, China's Unequal Treaties. In all of them Dr. Sze endeavors to explain the fundamental causes of China's dissatisfaction with the present attitude toward her of other nations and to show with frankness and sincerity in what ways their treatment of her should be different in order to attain the best good of all. Thus, in the last of the five addresses, which was delivered last February at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, he explains the psychological situation in China, showing what reason the Chinese people have to be sensitive and resentful because of the unequal treatment accorded them by other powers in treaties and very seriously indicates what results may follow if this unsatisfactory situation is not soon corrected.

The little book deserves, and will doubtless have, a wide reading, for it will help the American public to gain a better understanding of the Chinese feeling and attitude toward other nations and to form a just conclusion.

HUMAN ZOOLOGY.

THE PEDIGREE OF THE HUMAN RACE. By Harris Hawthorne Wilder. Illustrated. 368 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THIS is no book for a Texan or a Kentuckian to read. And doubtless it will be warned away also from the boundaries of other States wherein legislative fiat has established the limits of knowledge, and statesmen from the backwoods have endeavored to protect their young from the corrupting influence of any volume in whose pages can be found the word evolution. But in other regions of the country, where the fantastic notion that it is ever necessary or beneficial to be afraid to use the mind was long ago outgrown, in schools and colleges and libraries the work will be warmly welcomed as a valuable contribution to the study of the human race and its origins. Its author is a zoologist of note and Professor of Zoology in Smith College, and he is so deeply absorbed in his specialty that the idea of making the work easy reading for the populace has not appealed to him. Consequently, the average reader without some previous knowledge of the subject is likely to find it sometimes a bit technical and to need a dictionary within easy reach. But to compensate him for that small trouble he can feel sure that there is no slipshod science in it whose inaccuracy is masked by fine writing, but that it is all authoritative, a concise and conscientious survey of all that science has discovered concerning "the natural history of that mammalian order known as primates." In matters that are still mooted Professor Wilder has devised the expedient of referring decision to a hypothetical scientist on the planet Mars, who, since "he may not be considered a primate, will be able to decide without human prejudice."

Professor Wilder writes as a scientist and not as a philosopher, and therefore he contents himself with statement and correlation of the findings of science and does not attempt to generalize upon them or to deduce from them philosophic theories. He studies first the several species of man's living mammalian relatives, then takes up the extinct forms of life that were related to him. This brings him to the examination of the remains of fossil men that have been discovered in various parts of the world, and he makes a thorough study of each of them and explains the scientific methods of examining and comparing them. By this time he is ready to trace the pedigree of "homo sapiens," which he does by explaining the general principles of morphology and the environmental causes of morphological features and how these are exemplified in man. There is a chapter on racial characteristics which answers many of the questions that are being asked as to what constitutes race and clears up some foggy areas of that problem. In the final chapter Professor Wilder advances some ideas of his own for the classification of the human races and presents a phylogenetic tree in colors showing his conception of the main races of men and their interrelationships. The book will be especially useful for school and college students of zoology and anthropology, as it will be also for the general reader with some knowledge of the subject who wants a luminous and authoritative survey of man's origin.

WHAT TIDES ARE

THE TIDE. By H. A. Marmer. Illustrated. 282 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50.

MR. MARMER is a member of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, wherein he is Assistant Chief of the Division of Tides, and therefore he writes of the always interesting and sometimes spectacular phenomenon of tides with authority. For the first time the subject is here presented with the needs and the limitation of the general reader kept in mind. Previous volumes have dealt with it for the benefit of specialists and their technical treatment has made them impossible reading for any but the mathematician and the tidal scientist. But Mr. Marmer's purpose and method are expository and he has simplified his subject by eliminating all but ordinary mathematics, so that, since he is also the fortunate possessor of a clear and interesting style, he has produced a book that the average person can read with understanding and appreciation. For him the tide is not a mere matter of rising and falling waters, but a factor of high consequence in human life and in the development of civilization and a product of awe-inspiring forces whose study stimulates the imagination. His own feeling about the tides, therefore, colors and vitalizes all his pages and adds much to their interest.

The story of the long road by which man has come to his present profound knowledge of tidal movements Mr. Marmer relates with appreciation of its colorful quality, while his study of the tide-producing forces and of the sea's response to them is an explanatory piece of writing that is clear and interesting. Other chapters deal with daily and semi-daily types of tide, with river tides and with tidal currents of various kinds. In another section the author explains the nature of the movements of ocean waters caused by the tide-producing forces. The influence of wind and weather on tides, the harmonic prediction of tides, the making of tide tables, tidal energy and its utilization are other subjects dealt with at length, while that dramatic phenomenon, the tide in the Bay of Fundy, has a chapter to itself, as does also the tide in New York Harbor. In the final chapters are considered the influence the tides have had on commerce and their importance in the evolution of the earth and moon.

Throughout the book there is constant reference to illustrative examples and the author has included the results of recent investigations.

MENTAL ELEPHANTIASIS.

MIND MAKES GIANTS. By Richard Lynch. 276 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

MR. LYNCH offers here another book of the so-called "inspirational" type for the urging on to achievement and the guidance of young people. It deals chiefly with exposition of the extent to which man's mental powers can be developed, trained and used for individual and social benefit and progress. The various chapters expound, in rather florid style, such themes as how habits can be conquered and kept in leash, how the will can be trained and made supreme over the individual's life and destiny, how the faculty of attention can be developed, how fear in all its forms can be elimi-

(Continued on Page 17)

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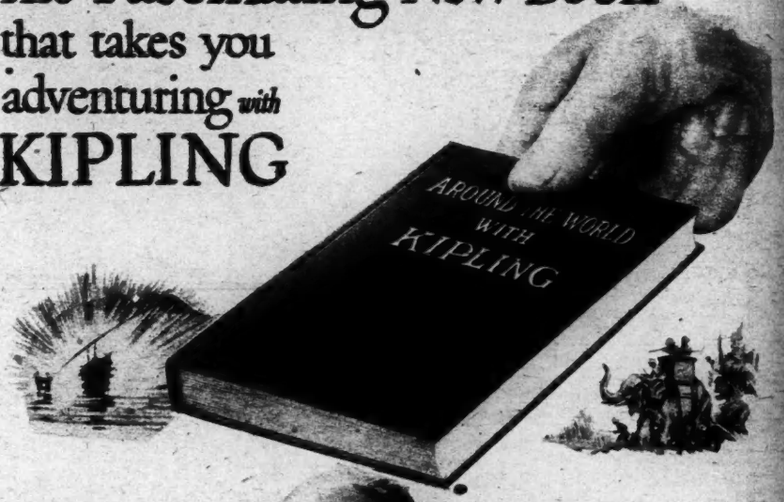

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Latest Works of Fiction

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serried cohorts of eaters. It had driven out terrified families, had hemmed the apoplectic concierge in her "loge"; it had broken out on to the court at the back in shed-like structures. And in the musty bowels of the house it had established a broiling, luridly lighted, roaring den, inhabited by a rushing and howling band of slatternly savages.

"Tarr" is just such strong meat as that described in relation to the Restaurant Vallet. It is palatable in exactly the sense that game must be "high" before it can appeal to the epicure, and it is to be doubted that it will appeal to any one outside of the circle of literary epicures, and then chiefly as a rarity, hardly a matter for steady diet. Yet it is unmistakably a work of art, even though the pen that created it deals with bohemianism in the spirit of Daumier rather than of Du Maurier.

NEW ENGLAND FAMILY LIFE

THE BIG HOUSE. By Mildred Wasson. 298 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

WHILE to a certain extent in line with the prevalent fiction fashion of recreating the earlier American scene through the medium of the novel, "The Big House," by Mildred Wasson does really much more. It contrasts that earlier scene peopled by its pioneers, with a present-day panorama enlivened and animated by their somewhat effete heirs and assigns. Without any self-conscious flourish of trumpets, and quite blithely withal, Miss Wasson achieves an acute and convincing sociological study. In briefer compass, and necessarily with much less detail and ramification, she establishes her clan of Prices, family proud old residents of Maine, with much the same detachment and manner that Mr. Galsworthy brings to his famous Forsytes. There the comparison ends. Miss Wasson aims at no vast saga: she limns upon no tremendous canvas. She has set out to tell an interesting and entertaining tale of New England family life. And the many readers who will chuckle over the humor and enjoy the penetration and insight of "The Big House" will agree that she has fully succeeded.

In the present story the Big House boasts no mere titular preeminence. It had "more personality than any one family," and the associations that went with everything beneath its stately cupola make it the leading though a silent actor in the drama. But its traditions have a personal embodiment as well. Miss Wasson has taken as her heroine, Victoria Price, a singularly vital character. Endowed with a beauty alien to the clan, Victoria inherited the brilliance of the old pioneering Prices. This fact made old Grandfather Price, the last of that early line, ignore his two sons in the succession and settle the undivided property on this slip of a girl. The novel pictures the clan's adjustment to this situation. With a flair for characterisation the author hits off the varying human tempers and temperaments of the Prices and the Prices-in-law most concerned. It is around this circumstance that much of the book's interest centres. Though slight as a narrative thread, it binds tightly and holds securely a wealth of vivid description and incident.

While the men in "The Big House" have been drawn with a keen insight, Miss Wasson's evident mastery in appreciating and employing feminine psychology makes the women of the story even more successful. The petty social and family jealousies and feuds are indicated with just the right emphasis. In fact, the novel, for all its preoccupation with the males of the species Price, has about it a distinctly feminine charm. Let a quotation stand as indicative of this subtle and quite delightful permeation of the warp and woof of the narrative. It has its inspiration in the fact that the men and not the women of the pioneering stock were usually the first to die:

> The gentle wives of the old men lingered awhile to enjoy the peace. It seems as if the pioneer spirit of New England obtained even in the order of their last going. The old pioneers insisted on their right of leadership unto the last frontier, the gateway of the unknown. Each family sent its men on ahead, and the solitary mistress of the proud establishment waited with a patient dignity until her lord had prepared one of the "many mansions" promised for her reception.

But Miss Wasson uses her men of property and her women of property to point a certain moral. Whether they act as mouthpieces for her ideas or as horrible examples on the opposing side, they play their part in expounding her thesis. And that thesis, to quote her heroine, is the regarding of leisure not as a vacation, but as a vocation. While it would be unfair to attribute to an author the views of her characters, the whole emphasis of "The Big House" lies in sympathy with the remark of Stephen Gale, the fulfiller of Victoria's romance, that what the country most needs is a leisured class: "It would be the leven of America." But that, according to young Gale, did not mean a lasy, indolent, non-productive class. "Unemployment is just as unhealthy at the top as at the bottom." But the "class that has made England the leading nation of the world," and given her "time and space to breed poets."

But the general reader, whether agreeing with this contention or not, cannot fail to find "The Big House" a thoroughly enjoyable book. The author has brought to its conception considerable artistry, and to its execution the formidable and ever-welcome comunation of wit and charm.

RED-BLOODED RED MEN

SUN WOMAN. By James W. Schultz. 234 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2

JAMES W. SCHULTZ is a true old-timer, a man who spent years among the Indians at a time when their life and culture were quite different from those of the white man; and his many books on Indian subjects are stamped with a reality acquired at first hand. "Sun Woman" is his first novel—his first novel, that is, for adults. It is brief, simple, vigorous. It tells a pretty tale, the prettiness of which is given fibre by the sturdiness of its background. For Mr. Schultz convinces you that the Indians had red blood.

Frank Spearson, the teller of the tale, became a clerk in the service of the American Fur Company at Fort Benton in the year of 1857. It was the trading centre of all five tribes of the Blackfeet confederacy, and among one of these tribes Spearson found Mastaki, his Indian bride. Her sister, Paiota, was the Sun Woman of the story. In those days it was possible for a white man to acquire in marriage not only his bride, but her younger sister as well; and Spearson had the right to Paiota as well as to Mastaki. But at the pleading of the two sisters, he refrained from taking Paiota, who wished to remain unmarried in the service of her Indian religion. These Indians worshiped the sun as a living being; and Paiota, one night during a great sun festival, had a vision wherein the deity spoke to her and said she would be claimed by a man who came bearing in his hand • • • But Paiota told only her father and another Indian what he would bear. Her vision made her sacred and she was acclaimed the Sun Woman.

Latour, an unscrupulous trader, fell in love with the beautiful Sun Woman and tried by force and trickery to ascertain what her successful wooer must come bearing in his hand; but he could not find out and consequently could not win her. He came with one thing after another, then he tried to kidnap her. His kidnapping scheme was foiled by another trader named Martin, who was also in love with Paiota and whom she loved in turn. Then, one night Martin aimlessly picked up a raven's feather on his way to visit her. Seeing him enter her tent with the feather in his hand, she cried out in joy that he had fulfilled her dream.

"Sun Woman" is obviously a simple piece of romance, devoid of all the complexity of modern stories; but for all its simplicity it is not dull. Mr. Schultz has woven about his pretty tale the colorful life of the times and the people. He gives us a picture of Indian celebrations and home life; he lets us learn the sterling customs of the red men, such as that a husband cannot look upon his mother-in-law. Not everybody, of course, will be interested in a book like "Sun Woman"; but certain readers, at least, will find its picturesque simplicity a refreshing change from the usual fare of novels.

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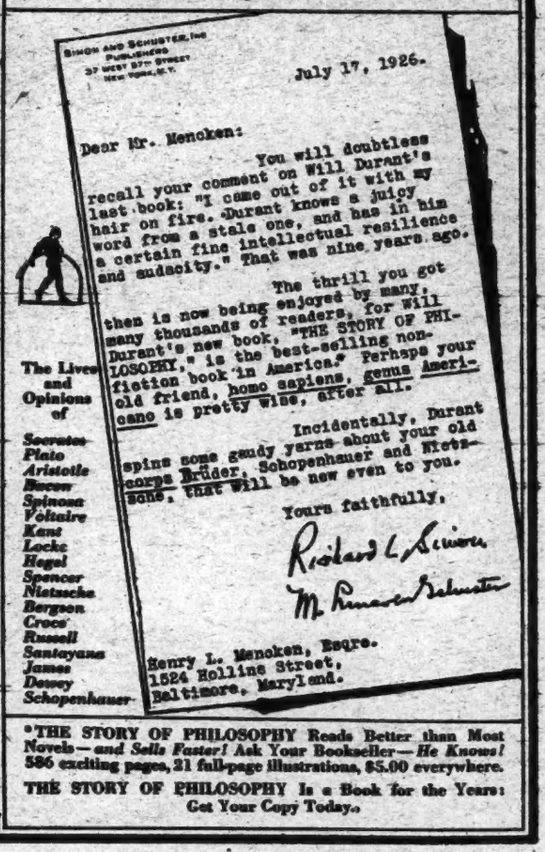

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 15)

nated, the importance of personality and character. A chapter on "Sex, Love and Marriage" sets forth the necessity of forming and living up to fine and high ideals. A discussion of "The Superconscious Mind" fairly glows with the author's vision of "the immensity of the possibilities that lie within the reach" of whoever uses "the mind in order to obtain gigantic stature." Mr. Lynch is so thrilled by his conception of all those possibilities that he is inclined to ignore the limitations of individual capacity, while his scientific foundations are sometimes of that futuristic variety that is more interesting than dependable. But his book deserves the commendation of not being so concerned with material success as are the general run of books of this kind. Instead, he stresses always spiritual values and holds up these and mental achievements rather than material rewards as goals to be striven for.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

MATTER AND LIFE. By Angelo Marco. 241 pp. New York: Harold Vinal. $2.

THE author of this book believes that religion and science are not contradictory facts, although different in their relation to life. Her book is an exposition of how wide reading and much thought have led her to the conclusions she here sets forth concerning the nature of the soul and its significance in the course of evolution, concerning immortality, the unconscious and its relations with matter, what part heredity has played in the development of life, the function of the subconscious mind, the comparative relations of religion and science in man's conception of his place in the universe. She looks upon the so-called conflict between science and religion as being "in reality about those subtler conceptions of religion, those persistent intuitions, God and the soul." And these being matters she believes that transcend science consideration of them should not be entangled with scientific studies and discoveries of facts. Toward the end of the book, in a chapter on the development of the soul, the author comes to this conclusion:

> All these considerations appear to lead one back toward the old idea of Mind and Soul, that they are—if not precisely one and the same, at any rate so closely akin and so alike in their manifestations as to be almost inseparable. Both are psychic, and what is conscious in both has been developed by this mundane process of evolution. Mind and Soul are in a metaphysical sense alike; only the phenomenon of the one is Thought and of the other Feeling. The idea of Soul is incompatible with the materialism of a past generation, but not with a more modern view of matter, life and mind. * * * Immortality of the soul is of course a widely different proposition from the indestructibility of matter; and yet, if the soul has been "evolved from matter," must not soul be first of all indestructible? Evolution added consciousness to what was and is essentially enduring.

The gist of the book's argument seems to be in this conception of soul as evolved from matter, but become something very different. The author has read very widely in the works of modern scientific authors, from whom she frequently quotes by way of illumination of her own argument. Her thinking has been as wide as her reading and has also been individual and searching. She has found her own interpretations of some of the problems that disturb men's souls, and doubtless her book will have many readers for whom they will be satisfying. The work is not controversial, but is written in a gentle and persuasive spirit.

PLEASURE IN PICTURES

WHY WE LOOK AT PICTURES: A Study in the Evolution of Taste. By Carl H. P. Thurston. Illustrated, 236 pp. and 86 plates. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.

IT must be said at the beginning that this book is not as naïve as its title indicates. And the reader should know that although it starts off simply, with what seems like easy going, he is likely to get into rather deep water before long unless he is able and willing to do a good deal of thinking on his own account. In that case he will derive not only much intellectual satisfaction from its pages but also will have his esthetic horizons widened, his esthetic perceptions sharpened, and his esthetic enjoyment of both pictures and the world in general much increased.

Mr. Thurston bases his study of our pleasure in pictures on the concept that "the proper task of esthetics is to investigate all the factors which affect our pleasure in a work of art and all the relationships that develop between them." His method is to begin with the simplest pleasures afforded by study of a picture, the pleasures that depend upon its representational quality, such as its presentation of form, substance, space, light, color, movement and so on. Then he takes up the subject of composition and considers the nature of beauty, the relations between light and color, the factors of composition and movement, the blending of form and meaning, and other themes. In the final section, which he entitles "Personality," he deals with those qualities in the artist which are the secret of his appeal and his power—invention, imagination, emotion, vision, and so on.

The book is not intended for superficial reading but for careful study, with frequent reference to the illustrative examples afforded by eighty-six page plates, reproduced from famous paintings, which are collected in the back of the volume. These, however, are only a tithe of the references to artists of all ages and many nations with which the text abounds. For full understanding and appreciation the reader needs to know not a little about the famous artists of former centuries and their work but also about artists and artistic tendencies and movements of our own day. Always the questions that interest the author are, why does such or such a quality in this or that painting afford pleasure, what are the roots of the delight we take in a picture, and if we analyze that delight, what factors does it yield and what light do they throw on the attributes of art? His own conception of art is a comprehensive one wherein there is room for primitives and moderns and all that lies between them. "Even Cubism," he says, "which breaks familiar forms into bits and scatters these bits chaotically over the canvas, is not wholly beyond our grasp when we have once become convinced that there is some esthetic reason in it." He endeavors to make clear the "esthetic reason" in all the forms in which the art of painting has found expression, and he emphasizes the necessity of trying to see the painting as the artist saw it, to understand his problems and appreciate his attempts at their solution. Speaking of the relations between science and art, he says that much credit is due to science because it has made us more sensitive to the world around us, renewed our interest in it, given to the perceptions of the artist greater alertness and flexibility and increased our knowledge of color and of vision and of other matters—all of these having been of the greatest importance in the development of art. Without the help of science, he says, "it grows more and more difficult to imagine what the art of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would have become—and still harder to guess at the heights to which it may push art in the next four or five hundred years."

Merlin Moore Taylor, whose explorations in the mountain regions of British New Guinea were recorded in his book, "The Heart of Black Papua," recently published by Robert M. McBride & Co., is an adventurer by inheritance and instinct. His first American ancestor came from England in 1640 and his descendants have fought in all our wars since that time. Mr. Taylor tried to get into the Spanish-American War at the age of 12, but all he got was a spanking for running away from home. A few years later in Brazil he was conscripted, but his missionary father got him out with the aid of the American Consul. When the United States entered the World War he had high hopes of seeing some real fighting, but he was sent on a military mission to Brazil instead. After the war was over he decided to find out what thrills there were in exploring. Mr. Taylor says that his military training was not altogether wasted, however. He is now captain of a girls' escort and initiatory drill team in Chicago.

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Rome Was a Melting Pot

(Continued from Page 1)

for hidden causes of decline they are apt to underestimate the one obvious and ever-present cause, the constitutional defect which made the succession to the throne a prize to be fought for by every ambitious general. What happened in Mexico before Diaz, between Diaz and Obregon, was always happening in Rome from the fall of Commodus to the end. Here was Rome's real race suicide.

As to the loss of the old republican aristocracy, its behavior during the last century of the republic suggests that it could well be spared. After all, there was never a better-bred Roman aristocrat than the Emperor Nero.

But the Italians who so lamentably died out had some noteworthy defects for the government of a great empire. A very important one was that they were not sailors. Poor communications were one obvious weakness of Rome; Roman roads were the best in history, but for a Mediterranean empire the one great road should have been the sea, and neither the Romans nor their subjects made the most of it. True, they had no navigators' instruments; but with pardonable pride our Scandinavian author observes that the Vikings, with no better equipment, crossed the Atlantic and discovered America. The Phoenicians had once been great navigators, but under the empire they seem to have turned, as New England turned later, from the hazards of the sea to the more dependable profits of manufacturing.

Moreover, Rome, though the political and social capital of the empire, was never its commercial or industrial centre, and after the republic it ceased even to hold financial primacy. For, observes Professor Nilsson, Roman liquid capital, in late republican days, had been invested in the great corporations that collected taxes from the provinces; it was not productive; it was parasitic. When the emperors took over the profitable business of tax-collecting the Italian capitalists had no place to go. They had never learned the art of business. When once the provincials had anything like an even chance Syrian business men—"the Jews of antiquity"—soon got most of the profitable trade of the empire in their hands. Italian manufactures throve only until the state of culture in the western provinces, and the settlement into security of the eastern, permitted the growth of factories nearer the source of raw material. Italian pottery and glassware once sold throughout Gaul. But as Gaul became civilized there were better potteries in Trier, better glass factories in Cologne. Italy suffered as New England suffers when Southern cotton mills and St. Louis shoe factories drain away the sources of New England's wealth.

The superior ability by which Rome and Italy had conquered the world was superior ability in fighting and organization. But war means casualties; foreign wars and civil wars must have killed off half the Italian military population before, under Augustus, the Roman world settled down. Then Italy wanted peace, as Virgil and Horace tell us in every line. If there must be frontier wars, let barbarian mercenaries fight them. The solution was easy and Rome had no example to show the end to which it leads. Contemporary French statesmen, starting on the same road, have no such excuse. Also, the children of Oriental slaves who were repopulating Italy were unwarlike. No wonder the "Roman" of late imperial days was willing to submit to a conqueror rather than do his own fighting.

Yet, observes Professor Nilsson, the pacifism of the population of the empire has been somewhat misunderstood. The later Romans were perfectly willing to kill and be killed in street riots in the name of Christ; what they objected to was "the discipline and privations of military service." Breaking a club over the head of an adherent of a rival bishop might be dangerous, but it could be done in front of the house between meals; whereas marching in the rain and sleeping in the mud was beneath the dignity of a civilized Christian. * * * And so Rome fell.

Tenney Frank accounts for the capture of the empire by a swarm of Oriental religions of which the best, Christianity, eventually suppressed the others, by the Orientalization of the Mediterranean world in blood and temperament. Yet even before the empire fell the Church, in the West at least, was in a sense more Roman, more European, than the Imperial Government. Possibly one reason for the spread of Christianity was the opportunity it offered for the exercise of the political abilities which had no outlet under the imperial organization. The Church in the later empire was a machine amazingly like Tammany Hall. Its hold on the masses, says Professor Nilsson, was due to its charity—but charity was habitually bestowed only on those who were regular. It was organized charity with a definite purpose; administered very often by reverend gangsters who clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and lynched unprotected pagans or beat up rival Christians with equal zeal. If you stood well with the organization you were taken care of; if you did not your skull was likely to be cracked any dark night. This technique of evangelization was considerably more effective than the apostolic simplicity.

And it offered great rewards to the Men Higher Up. It is obvious that St. Ambrose, for instance, was a far abler man than any secular statesman of his time. He had been a provincial Governor, but must have escaped into a bishopric with a sigh of relief. For in the civil administraton an able man was always likely to be murdered by a jealous vizier or lord chamberlain; escaping that he was at the mercy of the brute force of any barbarian general, and any attempt to exercise his natural talent by building up a political organization would have led to his prompt execution for conspiracy. But a churchman was fairly safe from any violence, except such as proceeded from his ecclesiastical brethren; he could organize and pull wires and play politics as a game to his heart's content. The same process of syncretism that built up Christian doctrine by borrowing the most attractive features of rival religions also built up the Church organization out of some rather un-Christian elements. The empire would have been considerably better off if it could have retained these abilities; but the empire had long ago abdicated its powers to the sword.

And yet this does not explain it all. Professor Nilsson remarks that the paganism which Julian the Apostate attempted to establish was only a pallid imitation of Christianity. The robustness of educated paganism was gone, and the Church was astute enough to win over its real strength, the rural addiction to local deities, by naturalizing the local deities as Christian saints. Romans of the empire wanted to be saved and had lost faith in any power to save themselves; a feeling natural enough in the descendants of Syrians and Anatolians but hardly so explicable in the more hardy stocks of Gaul and Spain. The world was tired and fell back gratefully on the Everlasting Arms. No doubt the laws of history are theoretically ascertainable, and capable of quantitative formulation; but we are a long way from being able to explain this weariness that led to the first great downfall of the Occident.

The Aristocrat of Literature

(Continued from Page 6)

whole world is vitalized; that is, has mind—not consciousness in the accepted sense. Drake admits that this view may be called panpsychism and defends it against arguments directed at the obvious errors of older pantheisms.

Having disclosed error in theories of various schools of dualism, he turns in the second half of his book to the protagonist, "Mind." Here, drawing almost altogether upon psychology and its recognized and fundamental laws he presently nimbly leaps over that little chasm, which for many has remained between mind subject to law and the unconquerable soul, to the peak of a world-in-one, matter-mind or mind-matter, according to its aspects.

To many this achievement will be as hopeful as to others hopeless. It seems probable, however, that if Drake can defend his new heaven and new earth it eventually will dissipate as many doubts and fears as Columbus's discovery that there was no awful edge of the world, but one glorious round whole. Certainly, America may be proud to have produced so sound and so wholesome a philosophy, true to the rest of life as we know it.

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Notes on Rare Books

THE presentation of the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible to Yale last April by Mrs. Edward S. Harkness has produced a distinguished memorial of that occasion. This takes form in the first number of The Yale University Library Gazette, containing an article by Mr. Andrew Keogh and Professor Chauncey B. Tinker.

This felicitous production is set up in a type reminiscent of Gutenberg's, and it is appropriately ornamented with the reproduction of two colored initials from the original Bible.

The first article, that by Mr. Keogh, "The Gutenberg Bible as a Typographical Monument," is a brief but entertaining summary of the facts relating to the Bible. To be interesting, as well as accurate, displays an enviable ability. Mr. Keogh has been both, in this account of the provenance of Yale's most important literary treasure, its production, Gutenberg's life and work, and the location of the nine copies in this country. As it is an address made to students at the time the Bible was first displayed at Yale, it is not suffused with that academic flavor the pedants may demand for the subject. One must make allowances for the undergraduate mind, and this concise, well-written account, which skillfully summarizes all the essential data relating to the Bible will be appreciated by any student.

***

PROFESSOR TINKER'S address on "The Significance to Yale of the Gift of the Gutenberg Bible" is a fine and fervent tribute to the Bible, and, by inference, to all good old books. Being himself a collector of note, Professor Tinker was well equipped to discuss his subject, and, in passing, to make a number of memorable comments on the stately old fountain-head of printed books. Obviously we like his address; we like such passages as

> Printed in the middle of a great century of transition, this book was as richly fraught with meaning as the fall of Constantinople or the voyage of Columbus. The maker of the volume himself could have had no conception of the new forces which he had released. How could he have guessed that the publication of the book was to have its influence on hastening the decay of Gothic architecture? How could he have known that the multiplication of printed books among the people would mean that their eye would be led from the painted window to the printed page, that the reading of Holy Scripture, hitherto in large measure a public function of a teaching Church, was presently to become the devotional act of an individual in the closet, an individual who would claim the right of private judgment in interpreting it? His book was destined to rise like a vast screen in front of the altar, to hide from the sight of men, at least of men in the north, the celebration of the Christian mysteries, and to furnish a battlecry, "The Bible and the Bible only the religion of the Protestants!" How, in a word, could the printer have known that the Bible of Gutenberg was to replace the Bible of Amiens?

Editorial notices conclude this premier number of the Gazette, which is from the press of Yale University, under the supervision of Mr. Carl P. Rollins. Modestly tucked away at the end is the announcement that the Gazette will be issued quarterly, and may be subscribed for at a dollar a year.

***

A THOUGHTFUL and excellent discussion, by Dr. Stanley Williams (Yale), of Washington Irving and Matilda Hoffman appeared in "American Speech," June 9, 1926. This has been issued as a "separate," a copy of which we have just received.

The influence of Matilda, Irving's betrothed, and her untimely death, in 1809, on Irving's work had long been a matter for speculation. From these conjectures sprang a number of tender anecdotes, dear to an author's public, and, as a natural accompaniment, a body of confusing opinion. These romantic vapors Dr. Williams good-humoredly dispels:

> Precisely what this event [Matilda's death] meant to Washington Irving, or what its influence was upon his writing, no one knows. * * * The problem is essentially insoluble, but important in a study of Irving's life and art, and no new dependable word on the question should be unwelcome.

There appears to be little known, in letters or otherwise, relating to the betrothal of Matilda and Irving. Matilda, indeed, was singularly silent concerning him; there is only one known reference to Irving in any of her letters.

In a sixteen-page manuscript fragment in Irving's hand, however, occur a number of passages of considerable value in this connection. This manuscript and others, Dr. Williams points out in a footnote, were recently deposited in the library at Yale University. In this fragment Irving wrote: "We saw each other every day, and I became excessively attached to her." "He found her," writes Dr. Williams, "timid and silent, but his experience seems to have been that, even more than others, described by Ann, who said 'that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda.'" Irving wrote further: "Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness," and, at the end, "I saw her fade rapidly away, beautiful, and more beautiful, and more angelical to the very last."

***

THE chief reference to Matilda occurs in a passage in his "Notes * * * 1817," written in his thirty-fourth year, seven years after Matilda's death. [It] "cannot," writes Dr. Williams, "have been meant for any eye save his own. It takes sometimes the conventional form of expression typical of its day, but this once conceded, we do not forget, having once read it, its spoken utterances, its emotion, its sincerity":

> I heard a soft & plaintive air [?] singing Angels ever bright & fair my heart melted at the sound [?] I drew into a corner of the cathedral and covering my face with my hands drank in the exquisitely mournful sound. My heart felt as if it would melt within me—The recollection of Matilda—ever allied in my mind to all that is pure spiritual seraphic in woman came stealing over my soul—I recalled all the scenes of our early attachment—of her gentleness—her purity—her kind affection—as the soft voice of the music seemed to ascend my soul seemed lifted up with it to heaven. I recollected Matildas parting scene—the agony of her death the seraphic assurance [?] of her blessed life. She was now in Heaven—among angels ever bright and fair—while I—lonely—desolate—humiliated—was groveling—a miserable worm upon earth—Oh Matilda where was the soul felt devotion—the buoyancy—the consciousness of worth & happiness that once used to lift me from the earth when our eyes interchanged silent but eloquent voices of affection and I seemed to imbibe a degree of virtue & purity by associating with all that was virtuous and pure—How innocent how gentle—how lovely was then my life—How has it changed since—what scenes have I gone through since thou hast left me—what jarring collisions with the world—what heartless pleasures—what sordid pursuits—what gross associations—what rude struggles—Now has my heart lost all its tune—that heart that then was all tenderness & melody—How has it become depraved—hardened—deadened woridly. Misfortunes have crushed me to the earth—the cares of the world have hurried [?] through my heart & made [?] it bare—I feel like one withered up & blighted—broken heart is like a desert wherein can flourish no green thing. The romance of life is past—While these reflections music ceased—crowd dispersed—see [?] old woman tottering to the grave of a son.

***

Sotheby & Co. announce a miscellaneous sale of books, illuminated and other manuscripts, early maps and atlases, Oriental manuscripts and miniatures, and autograph letters and historical documents, to take place July 26 to 28. The most important of the 773 lots recorded is that ardently pursued relic, the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." 1678. This, barring some trifling defects, is perfect, and it is one of the most valuable books today. At least five other perfect copies of this book, practically thumbed out of existence by its contemporary popularity, are known today. There may be a sixth—we have heard, at any rate, that there is another in London, "made up" from an imperfect copy or two. It will be, at any rate, most interesting to know what this copy will bring. An imperfect copy, sold by the same house two years ago, brought £2,200.

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QUERIES

"Macaulay's Tribute"

J. H. C.—Where can I find Macaulay's famous tribute to the Catholic Church? It starts, I believe, by referring to the fact that "while the smoke was still ascending from Pagan altars her missionaries were already in the field," and ends up with a reference to "some one sketching the ruins of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London."

"Uhland"

J. M. S.—I would be grateful if you could tell me where I could find a good translation of the entire poem "Uhland," translated years ago by William Vaughan Moody, my brother, as follows:

One stroked the hair where yet the soft light played,
And said: "I would have loved her had she stayed."
One turned with passionate sobbing to the wall—
"So long to love, and this the end of all."
One stooped and kissed the pale lips with a smile,
"Patience, dear love; 'tis only for awhile."

"Pebbles in the Water"

J. H.—Would some one furnish me the remainder of the poem that contains these lines:

Drop a pebble in the water and in a splash it is gone;
But there are a half a hundred ripples circling on and on.

"Riches of Her Youth"

R. F.—Would some reader tell me who is the author of the following, and also where I may find it? I believe it is from Tennyson, but I haven't been able to find it in his works:

She stood upon the grave of her dead truth
And saw her soul's bright armor red with rust.
And knew that the riches of her youth * * *

"To a Mummy"

F. L. S.—Where may I obtain the poem entitled "Address to a Mummy in the British Museum," by an English poet named Smith, the first lines of which are:

And thou hast walked about. What strange story,
In Thebes three thousand years ago,
When time had not begun to destroy
Those palaces and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

"We Meet a Friend"

R. C. L.—Would you find the poems containing these lines:

Sometimes we meet a new friend,
Who seems so like our own,
That I class them with the old friends
Whom I have always known.

"Misty Mountains"

H. S. McK.—Please tell me the author of "From the long shieling on the misty island mountains divide us and the wastes of seas."

"Moonshine Land"

W. K.—I would like to locate a poem in which these lines occur:

Out on the margin of moonshine land,
Tickle me, Love, in these lonesome ribs!
Out where the whing-whang loves to stand, &c.

"Queerquill"

J. W. T.—I am anxious to identify a Kentucky writer of forty years ago who wrote under the pen-name of "Queerquill." Perhaps some reader or member of his family may care to send me this information.

"In Every Human Heart"

C. J. H.—Who can complete the quotation below and give me the author's name:

There is in every human heart
Some not entirely barren part;
* * * flowers of sweetest scent may grow.

"Pestal"

R. K. de C.—May I have assistance in locating a poem entitled "Pestal," the first lines of which read: "Lo! the morning breaks, the dawn of day that knows no morrow." It was found on the dead body of a soldier of the Civil War in 1861 and was set to music afterward.

"The Gale Sets Sail"

D. B.—We are eager to secure the name of the author and the title of the poem which contains these lines: "It is not the gale that sets the sail," &c.

"Mount Holyoke"

T. S. T.—Can you help me find the poem "The Christening of Mount Holyoke"? I am unable to tell anything more about it.

"Be Noble"

J. Q. B.—The following epigram is taken from over the Presidential entrance of the Union Station at Washington, D. C. Can any one tell me who is the author of it?

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

"Horse Poems"

JOHN—Can you point out for me in American literature any poems, short or long, written with the horse as the central subject? I am interested in all horse poems and would be pleased to have the titles of any that your readers may send.

ANSWERS

"The Weather"

MARGARET M. LYNAHAN, Corning, N. Y.—The quotation: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it," is attributed to Mark Twain by Robert Underwood Johnson in his "Remembered Yesterdays." He says he has never seen it in print and does not tell the occasion of its use. This is in answer to G. M. P. in your issue of July 11.

"Warm Summer Breezes"

KATE L. ROBERTS, East Orange, N. J.—O. A. W. asked in your issue of June 27 for the lines written by Mark Twain and inscribed on the tombstone of his daughter, Susie. They were not original, but adapted from a poem by Robert Richardson, an Australian poet (1850-1901), and may be found in his collection, "Willow and Wattle," page 35. Richardson's lines run:

Warm Summer sun, shine friendly here;
Warm, western wind, blow kindly here;
Green sod above, rest light, rest light—
Good-night, Annette.
Sweetheart, good-night.

The west wind in Australia is the mild wind, and Mark Twain changed the lines as follows:

Warm Southern sun, shine kindly here,
Warm Southern wind, blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light—
Good-night, dear heart, good-night, good-night.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass.; M. Beckhard, Great Neck, L. I.; Harold Steele, Chesapeake City, Md.; C. L. Scofield, Montreal, Canada; Miss Raudnitzky, Ossining, N. Y.; Frank Carlos Griffith, South Poland, Me.; Mrs. William V. Nagy, Clifton, N. J., and Dr. John C. Bossidy, Lee, Mass., sent in the poem wanted. Some readers tell us that the poem was inscribed on the monument of Mark Twain's wife (Mrs. Clemens), and not on that of his daughter, Susie. Volume II of "Heart Throbs" gives it so.

"The Use of Flowers"

MISS LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—I enclose the poem wanted by L. H. G. in your issue of July 4. It is "The Use of Flowers," by Mary Howitt (1804-1888), and begins as follows:

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

The poem contains seven more stanzas and is too long to print here. A copy has been sent to our correspondent. Miss Esther Lion also contributed the poem, which is contained in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song." A. Whittaker, Riverton, N. J., also answered this appeal.

"Ours Is a Nice House"

H. J. LAUGHTON, New York.—In answer to the query of H. F. in your issue of June 27 for a poem entitled "Ours Is a Nice House, Ours Is," I may say it is the title of a song which was written and composed by Herbert Rule and Fred Holt and sung by Harry Leybourne, a popular English comedian. This song was published by the Herman Darewski Music Publishing Company of 122 Charing Cross Road, London, W. C., England, in 1921, and had a great vogue in the annual Christmas pantomimes in England last year.

Clark Brown, New York, tells us that this song was sung in the Keith theatres by Frank Walsh and Marie Ellis, and that it may be possible to get the complete song by writing to them in care of the B. F. Keith-Albee Vaudeville Exchange, 1,564 Broadway, New York. Osborn Marcus Surtis, Staten Island, N. Y., also answered this query.

A. Kenneth White, Mount Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa., sends the words of the first verse and chorus, as follows:

Of all the houses in the world
There isn't one like ours is,
We never pay the rent and yet
The landlord never grouses,
We've got no windows in the house,
It's healthy, lets the air in,
It also lets the foul air out,
When father he starts swearing.

CHORUS.

Ours is a nice house, ours is,
What a nice little house ours is;
The roof's on the top of this pretty little shack,
The front's at the front and the back's at the back;
Ours is a nice house, ours is,
We've got no rats or mouses,
It's cheap, cheap, cheap, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Ours is a nice house, ours is.

Virgil A. Sheldon, New York, and B. B. Thomas, Troy, N. Y., also answered this query.

"Ben Adam"

MISS LAURA DRAKE, Cedarhurst, N. Y.—I enclose the poem wanted by L. H. G. in your issue of July 4. I do not know the author:

EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY INTEREST.

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two four—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which to a stranger, asking alms, he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave,
But when his soul reached Heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

"The Mill That Never Grinds"

ADELAIDE C. MEURER, New York.—In answer to C. W. S. in your issue of July 4 I enclose the poem "The Lesson of the Water Mill," by Sarah Doudney. The poem is too long to publish in full here, but we give below the first of the six stanzas:

Listen to the water mill,
Through the livelong day.
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the withered leaves;
On the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast,
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass.; Lucy L. Bolton, Lockport, N. Y.; Jesse G. Ballentine, Maplewood, N. J.; Vivian D. Buchanan, Kingston, Pa.; R. B. Mantell, Brucewood, N. J.; Anna De Long Schermerhorn, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mabel F. Robinson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mrs. J. H. Scattergood, Villanova, Pa., and Mrs. Frederick E. Church, Owatonna, Minn., sent in copies of the poem, one of which has been forwarded to our correspondent. Jane Nagle, Hartford, Conn.; Warren R. Dip, Elizabeth, N. J., and William Delaney, Brooklyn, N. Y., also answered this appeal. The poem is contained in Delaney's Song Book No. 1 and in Stevenson's Home Book of Verse. Charles K. Harris, New York, writes that the poem is contained in the book "After the Ball," published by Frank Maurice, New York.

"Poppies"

MRS. C. ROBERT RISPIN, Syracuse, N. Y.—The poem "Poppies," by J. Eugene Chrisman, is the one referred to by M. H. in your issue of July 4. It begins:

Poppies?
Not for me, buddy!
Buds red hell—they—
Plain red hell—they—
They remind me—

A copy of the complete poem has been forwarded to our correspondent. It is too long for publication here.

"Take It From Me"

An anonymous contributor writes in answer to the request of B. H. in your issue of June 27 that the song sung by Wellington Cross and Louis Josephine in either Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics" in the Fall of 1914 or Ziegfeld's "The Century Girl" the following year may be the one wanted by your correspondent. It begins, so far as I can recall, "Take it from me, you are all that I adore," &c.

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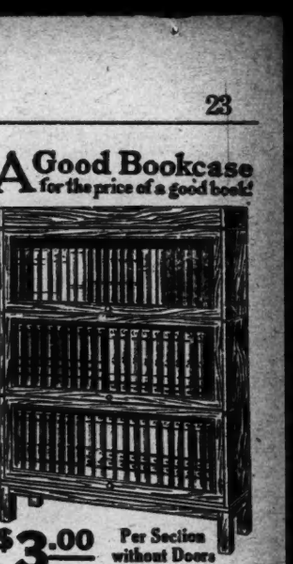

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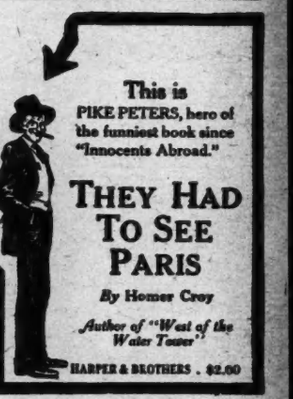

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